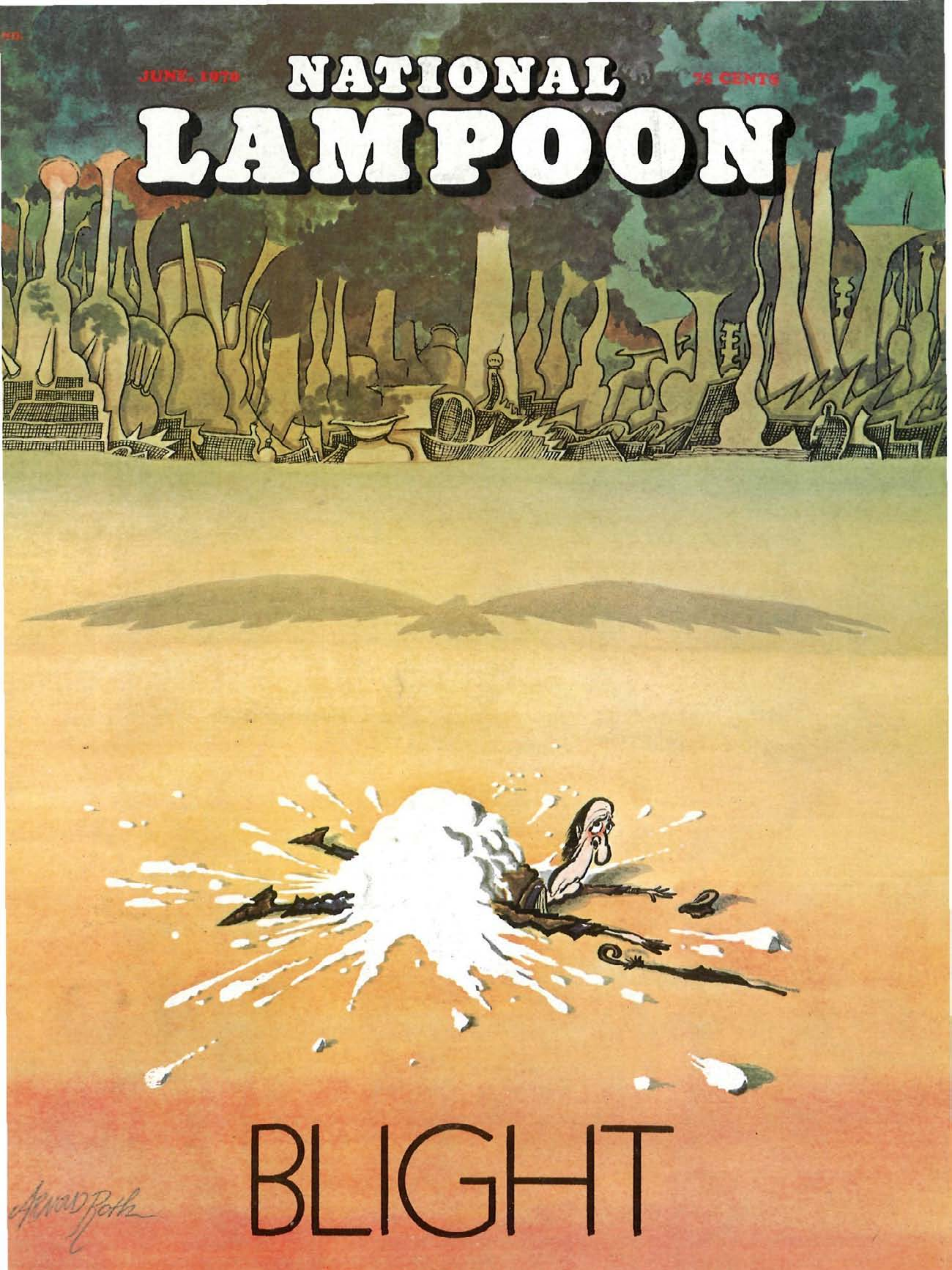
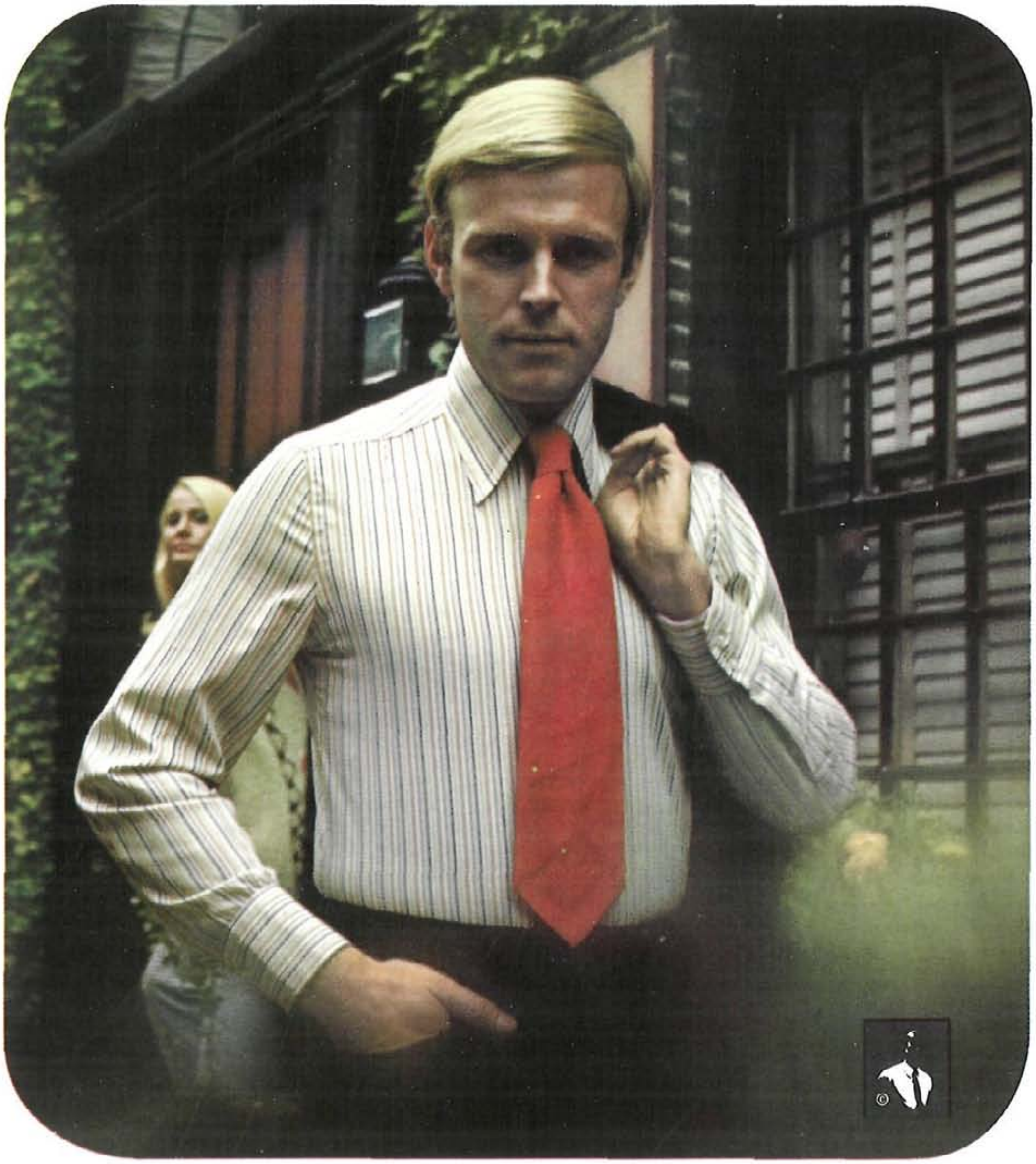

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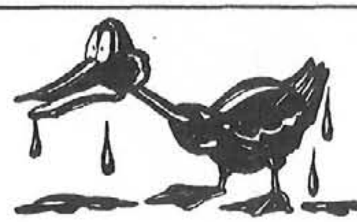
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Volume 1, Number 3

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COLUMNS



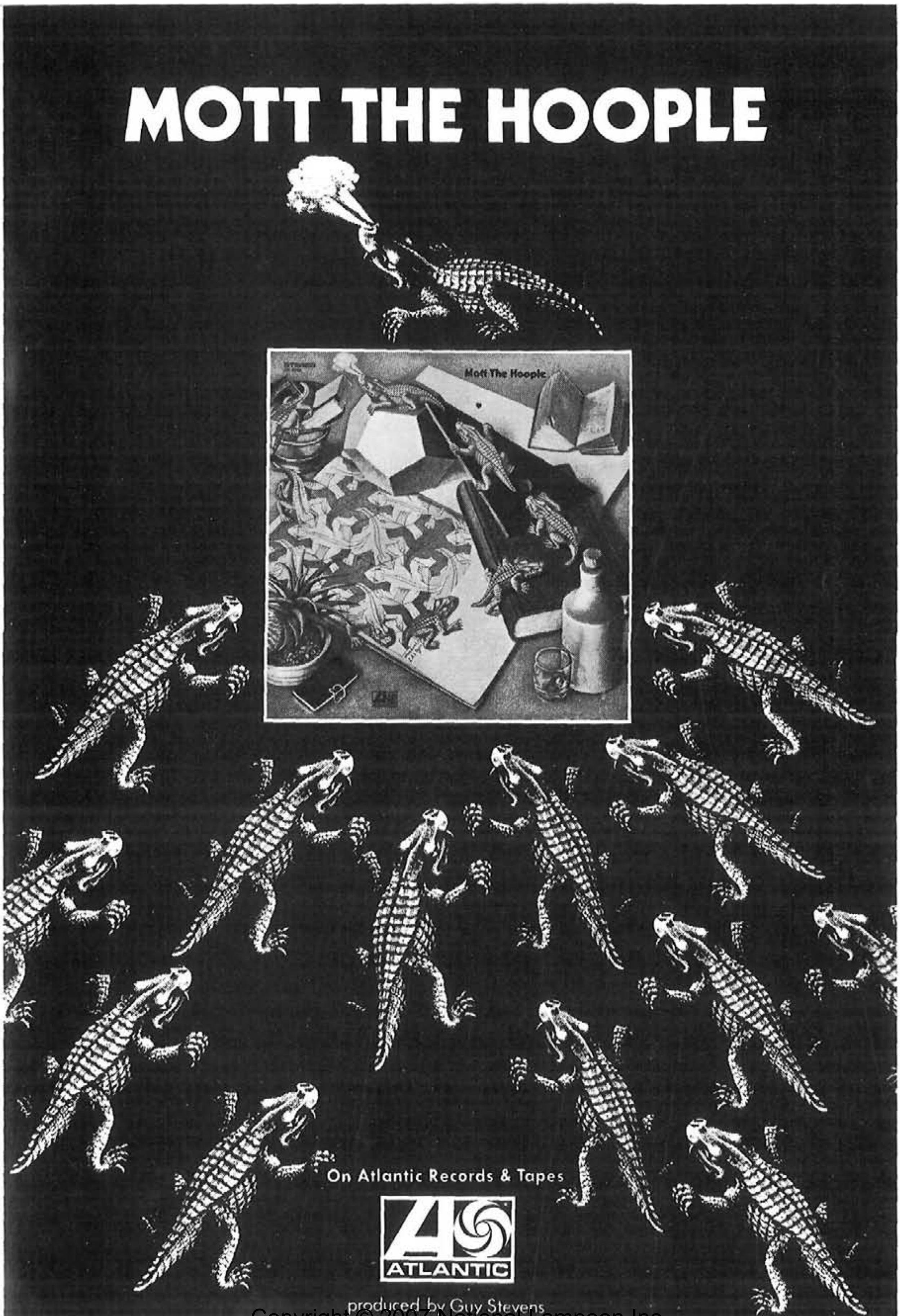
FEATURES

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $6.95 paid annual subscription, $11.50 paid two-year subscription, and $15.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico. $2.00 for Foreign. Second-class postage pending at New York, N.Y. and additional offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Subscriber please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

ADVERTISING INFORMATION: Contact Advertising Director, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070.

EDITORIAL INFORMATION: Contact Managing Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted. If they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.


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NATIONAL LAMPOON

—LETTER FROM THE EDITOR—

What this country needs is a good five-cent sitar.

Our thought for the month was sent in by Sambal Vindaloo, learned Hindu sage and holy man. Writes Vindaloo: "I had quite an experience recently, and I wonder if you'd be interested. I was walking along the Old Trunk Road toward Cloggedpore, and I was feeling pretty punk. You see, I had no shoes at the time, and I guess there's no harm in saying I cursed my fate once or twice.

"I don't know if you're familiar with the area, but there's a bad stretch between Filthidirti and Candibargh—potholes, soft shoulders, the works—and my dogs were killing me! Well, to make a long story short, who should I run into but a man with no feet! Wow. You could have knocked me over with a feather.

"Now, I'm not one of your karma-crazy kids and I'm not the Swami Davis, Jr., either, but it seemed to me at the time that a body might just get a jump on the old Eight-Fold Way if he played his tickets right. I guess it took a lot of nirvana, ha-ha, but I went right up to the clown and said, 'A penny for your thoughts, old-timer.' You know what he said? He said, 'Why don't you just kiss off?'

"Can you top that?" —DCK

—THE COVER—

Faster than a speeding pustule, more powerful than Connie Francis, Arnold Roth's sensitive landscape suggests the ecological dilemma in which man finds himself today. Up to his ears in it, too. □



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Letters

Sirs:

Well, here it is, your third issue, and your sophomoric editors are still writing their own letters. Very funny. I suppose you haven't had time to look beyond your own doomed publication to notice that magazines like *Playboy* not only have lots of people writing in, but they also have big names writing important articles *for* them as well; recent issues have carried some of the finest writers in the world, including Louis Auchincloss, Isaac Bashevis Singer and Justice William O. Douglas. If you were any sort of a magazine, you would have these writers as well. Obviously, you aren't any sort of a magazine. Screw you.

A. Schweitzer
Bwana Junction, S. Africa

Sirs:

Some months ago I sent you a sprightly satirical fantasy entitled *That's Me, the Kitchen Cut-Up*, a story based on events taken from real life. As of yet, I still have not heard from you concerning it.

I feel it prudent to advise you that several other publications are extremely interested in *That's Me, the Kitchen Cut-Up*, including *Atlantic Monthly*, *Commentary*, *Partisan Review*, *Daedelus*, *Harper's* and the *New York Times Sunday Magazine*, all of whom I am on a first-name basis with. But I was going to let you have first crack.

You have been advised. Are you sure you didn't like the part about how my cat threw up in the cake batter?

Madge Fontaine
Indian Orchard, Conn.

Sirs:

I'm sick and tired of your magazine's snotty male chauvinism with regard to Women's Rights. It's because of sniggering, filthy-minded attitudes like yours that women have been traditionally shunted into the background to bear your disgusting children and wash your revolting underwear. There will come a day when Women everywhere will force you to feast on your own carrion.

T. Nixon
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Perhaps you've thought that Korns-No-Mor's miraculous curative powers only meant relief to those troublesome boils, pustules and other growths that inhabit your unspeakable feet. Did you know that new, scientifically tested Korns-No-Mor also serves as America's *most effective home remedy* for terminal hemorrhoids? That's right, just a few drops of Korns-No-Mor and you can kiss your hemorrhoids good-bye forever!

Dr. C. Barnard
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Sirs:

I can't tell you how pleased I am that you are devoting your entire issue to our threatened ecological balance. I am sure that you will want to devote much of it to the too-long-neglected Australian dingo. The dingo, as you know, has served the Australian people faithfully for generations as pets, guides and wives. Legend has it that Captain Cooke himself was nursed back to health after a bout with the dreaded New Zealand largepox by trained dingoes and would have erected a monument to them had he not been over his budget for the voyage already.

Mrs. John Mitchell
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

It is with deepest regret that I noticed you are continuing your puerile "Horrorscope" column, thus casting gratuitous slander not only upon many innocent celebrities but also upon the Sacred Mystical Arts. Many through the centuries have scoffed at augurs and seers, calling them "crackpots" and "charlatans," only to suffer ill at the hands of Powers they do not understand.

My own studies in the Realm of the Occult have proved more than profitable, and you may rest assured that any further aspersions cast upon these Marvels will be answered with a Terrible Sword.

J. Edgar Hoover
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Although you've published only three issues, it's already clear that you plan to make a continuing mockery of the American middle class with adolescent references to "bowling balls," and "ventilated shoes." Who are you to scoff? Was it not Rudyard Kipling who said, "I cried because I had no feet, until I met a man who had no brass flamingo"?

Nexus Winterhalter
Abalone, N.M.

Sirs:

Who says organized religion has to be dull? Only last Sunday we had the most marvelous time when Ralph Durwin popped right out of his pew in the middle of the sermon and accused his wife Ruth of committing adultery with Jerry Rebesso. I don't mind telling you how exciting it was.

Must run, but will write again when we get back from Shreveport.

Gladys Stone
Baton Rouge, La.



Horrorscope

Palmistry (päm is tri) n.; fr. paume. *Art or practice of telling fortunes by study of the palm of the hand.*

June 19, 1970 (*Mount of Venus*) Rapidly aging presidential debutante **Tricia Milhous Nixon** startles Washington social circles by appearing at fashionable Georgetown Hot Shoppe on arm of rock composer Frank Zappa. "I don't care what those silly gossips says," she comments. "Many a red-blooded American fighting man *owes his life* to the reliability of Frank's wonderful lighters."

June 21, 1970 (*Mount of Rubble*) Multitalented **Buckminster Fuller,** inventor of the geodesic dome, airports and the lever, unveils latest architectural innovation, which he claims will "free buildings from the restrictive bonds of so-called gravity." Accidentally severing a structurally important guywire along with ceremonial ribbon, Fuller topples concrete-and-Saran-Wrap edifice upon festive crowd, killing 72.

June 25, 1970 (*Line of Life*) In unexpected guest appearance in audience of *The Ed Sullivan Show,* controversial yet irrepressible spectre of **Bishop James Pike** hovers before 15 million viewers to relay important messages from Beyond and plug latest book.

June 26, 1970 (*Line of Least Resistance*) During public debate at the Sorbonne with radical philosopher **Herbert Marcuse,** accredited culture-vulture **André Malraux** draws applause with the rhetorical, *"Est-ce qu'il fait suffisant chaud pour vous?"* ("Is it that it is hot enough for you?"). Marcuse receives standing ovation with traditional Gallic riposte, *"Ce n'est pas la chaleur, mon vieux, c'est l'humidité!"*

June 29, 1970 (*Girdle of Lesbos*) Militant feminist **Ti-Grace Atkinson** chains self to front doors of San Francisco Federal Court and reads statement to press protesting "deplorable inequality" in civil accommodations for women. Subjected to 36 hours of merciless bitching and whining, entrapped authorities finally agree to install urinals in all public ladies' rooms.

July 3, 1970 (*Mount of Won Ton*) Reaffirming his vigor in order to quell new rumors of failing health, China's supreme leader, **Mao Tse-tung,** again swims Yangtze, but is attacked and devoured by school of rare oriental piranha fish. One hour later, fish give indications of renewed appetite.

July 4, 1970 (*Line of Cosmetics*) **Gloria Steinem,** finger-popping journalist for trendy *New York Magazine* and acknowledged leader of Manhattan's select interstate propeller set, disavows rumors that Nixon advisor Henry Kissinger is more than "just a good friend," but admits to "heavy dating" with Capitol Hill swinger William E. Miller. "Yes," she confesses, "*the* William E. Miller."



July 7, 1970 (*Zone of Crayola*) Following in the brushstrokes of Pablo Picasso, popular rumpus room portraitist **Walter Keane** announces he is donating 6,000 original works to Barcelona museum. He then attempts donating them to various Madrid galleries and YMCA's. Works finally accepted into the Huntington Hartford collection in New York, providing Keane pays postage and handling.

July 8, 1970 (*Mount of Mediocrity*) **Judge G. Harrold Carswell** flatly denies allegations that he had flunked his South Carolina bar exam in 1936, and releases certified photostats of the test in question, which consisted entirely of "true-false" questions and on which 50 per cent was considered passing.

July 9, 1970 (*Mount of Riceroni*) **Mr. and Mrs. John Mitchell** visit World's Fair in Tokyo, Japan. The Attorney General samples the oriental equivalent of an American hamburger but prefers "real thing." Martha finds natives polite, albeit somewhat inscrutable, and agrees with husband that 55-acre Fair is hard on feet. John takes snaps of Martha. Martha takes snaps of John. John and Martha give native boy 50 cents to take snaps of them both. Offended, native boy introduces self as Emperor Hirohito. Embarrassed, John tips additional quarter. □

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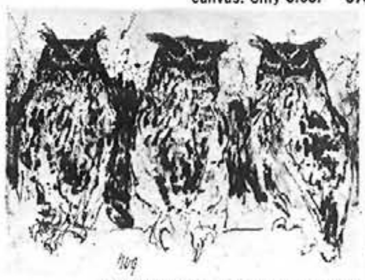
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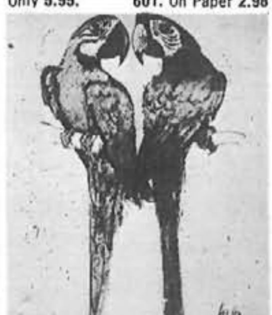
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Mrs. Agnew's Diary

Party Lights

Dear Diary,

Well, as you know, dear Diary, Pat and Dick had one of their monthly get-togethers in the Green Room last night. At first, Spiggy didn't want to go because he was still upset about what David Brinkley said about his forehead yesterday. Anyway, I said not to worry because it wasn't *half* as bad as what Russell Baker said about his IQ last week, but Spiggy wasn't listening. (I think he's going to write another speech.)

I finally coaxed him into his tuxedo and helped him clip on his tie. Spiggy grumbled all the while about how Dick is such a tight-ass at parties, but I said it was part of Dick's job and he couldn't help it. Spiggy said *he* knew how to help it, but I told him shush. We had to hurry.

By the time we got there, the place was already crowded. I got the folding chairs and Spiggy got our drink chits from one of those cute rollerskating waiters Dick hires from La Nicoise. We sat down just in time for Connie Francis' patriotic songs, but Spiggy got restless halfway through *My Country 'Tis of Thee* and said he needed a little pick-me-up at the bar. I gave him my chits and told him to chat with the bartender, who's Greek, too (small world!).

After the singing, Bob Hope and John Wayne got up and told some funny jokes about the hippies and Binky Mitchell gave a very informative talk on patriotism in the home. Finally, Mrs. Merriweather Post got out her projector to show the movie. It was *The Nutty Professor,* which is one of Dick's favorites, but just as it started somebody knocked the projector over and somebody (I think it was Ermalee Hickel) screamed. The lights went on and I found everybody crowding around Spiggy, who had gotten himself all tangled up in the extension cord and was saying some terrible things about Mrs. Post's movies. I helped Spiggy up and asked the waiter not to give him any more chits.

I told Spiggy not to go running off like that again in the dark because he could hurt himself, but he just sort of snorted. Since the projector wouldn't work right anymore, we went over to chat with Hank Kissinger and Margot Hahn, who was wearing the most remarkable dress made out of flags of all the 50 states. (I wish I could get away with those kooky styles, but you know me.) Hank was still mad at what Maxine Cheshire had written about him and Margot in the *Post,* but I said not to worry because what Nicholas von Hoffman had written was even worse. Then Hank said he'd like to chat longer, but his electric beeper was beeping and maybe Dick wanted him to solve a crisis, which is funny because Dick was over at the other end of the room talking with Harry Dent. (I once asked Spiggy why Dick didn't give *him* a little electric beeper, too, but Spiggy said Dick knew what he could do with his beepers.)

All for now,

Judy □



"Hey, I'll take some of those!"


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The First Colony on the Moon

by Alan Abel

Choice Sites Are Still Available in the Mare Proccacino

Last week, my secret plan for colonizing the moon was approved by an important committee in Washington. The first draft blueprint calls for a hundred ordinary people — all races, colors, creeds — to depart from the Earth on July 2, 1972, and land on the moon by Independence Day, two days later.

Designated as American Moon Pilgrims, the pioneers who go along will each receive 10 acres of moon land free, including all mineral and oil rights and his own souvenir stand concession. Total cost per person will be around $1,500, which includes one-way coach fare plus local, state, Federal and space taxes. This includes Blue Cross insurance, food and housing for six months and a generous share in the rights to their story if it's sold to *Reader's Digest.*

If you're an average person, have never traveled far and are presently bored with life on Earth, consider going to another place. Then, after talking it over with yourself, a reliable spiritual adviser and the family doctor, answer these questions:

1. Do you get dizzy at extreme heights?
2. Can you hold your breath for long periods of time?
3. Do you panic easily when things go wrong?
4. Are you afraid of the dark?
5. Can you recognize molten lava quickly?
6. Do you know how to float?
7. Would you be disappointed if you landed on Mars instead?
8. Can you recite the Lord's Prayer from memory?

Let us weigh some of the advantages of moon living. It never rains or snows there. Nor will you find any smog or insects. Traffic noises are unheard of because there isn't any traffic. . . . This means no highway accidents, increasing the life expectancy of a moon inhabitant by 10 years and reducing insurance premiums by 37 per cent.

Getting around on the moon is easy because each person becomes self-propelled. You need only a slight push from someone to drift weightlessly and effortlessly for a mile or more. To get back, a good sneeze, cough or belch will do the job. Braking is achieved by sucking your thumb and exhaling to build up internal body pressure. Your head serves as the rudder.

What is there to do on the moon? Well, there's volleyball and a new game called "Jump the Crater" that will be a sensation. Also, everyone always has lots of reading to catch up on. Television is out since falling meteors cause very bad reception.

Most Pilgrims have asked the question, "What shall I take along?" If you prefer living in perpetual darkness on the cold, dark side of the moon, long winter underwear and a flashlight are recommended. For dwellers on the blinding, desert side, lots of suntan lotion and dark glasses are a must.

There are still a few window seats available on the initial flight if one hurries. Just about every profession and trade necessary to start a small community has already been booked . . . including a bombardier, wig salesman and astrologist. Still needed are several good rocket fuel engineers and a navigator with some experience in interplanetary travel.

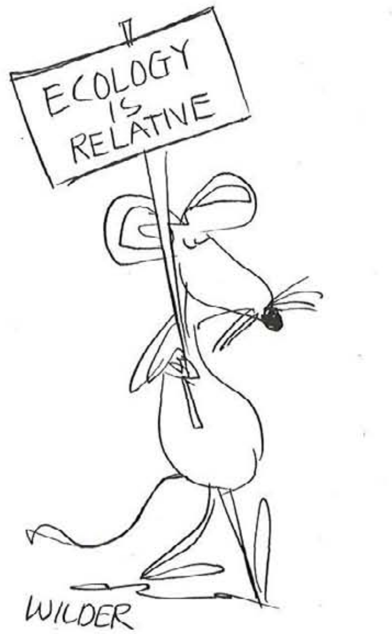
During the 48-hour flight to the moon, there will be entertainment by a singing trio of former astronauts performing such songs as *Why Oh Why Did I Ever Leave Ohio, Oh! Dear, What Can the Matter Be?, Long Ago and Far Away,* and a strolling magician who claims he can make people disappear. Otherwise, passengers will be encouraged to sleep as much as possible en route and thus avoid any excessive movement that might throw the ship (tentatively named Boomerang I) off course to heaven-knows-where!

As a test of their ability to survive in space and on the moon, the hundred-odd passengers are spending their weekends in a compression tank on a Long Island estate. For nearly 60 hours, they enjoy a rather pleasant time under glass, floating around in the dark getting to know each other. Unaware they are being observed by doctors, scientists and the neighbors, this first American Moon-Pilgrim group has proven that strangers behave quite normally in a foreign environment.

Another preparation for this historic journey is in the works. To house the 20th-century Pilgrims, a Groton, Conn., firm that used to make submarines is now constructing radiation- and meteor-proof, rocket-shaped cottages that will be shot directly to the moon, ready for immediate occupancy.

Those Pilgrims who survive the first six-month trial period have the option to stay on and run their own souvenir stands for the thousands of tourists anticipated. Already on order from Japan are a million egg timers to be filled with moon dust, little music boxes that play *How High the Moon* and crater-shaped ash trays. Earrings and worry beads made from volcanic ash will be manufactured right on the moon.

As the whole world watches this first space colony landing on television, they are going to view a fantastic milestone in world history. And, by the late 1970's, space travel to the moon should be as easy as a present day air-coach trip to Saigon. □



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Does the Name Pavlov Ring a Bell?

by Hugo Flesch

Scientists Link Cancer to Laboratory Rats

Purpose:

The purpose of these experiments was to determine what foodstuffs, other than cyclamates and monosodium glutamate, could cause death.

Animals Used in This Study:

The animals used in this study were white (albino) rats.

Other Items:

Other items included over 100 wire cages, each of which served as a rat's "house," and at least 200 spoons (tea and table), which my wife washed free of germs at the termination of the experiments.

Results:

The results, in all instances, proved startling. Each of the foodstuffs tested was 95% to 100% fatal for our rats. The foodstuffs included:

1. *Carrots* — Six rats were each fed one carrot every hour on the hour for 24 days. Every one of them died, after complaining of severe stomach cramps. One old rat, however, was able after 14 days to read without glasses.
2. *Mustard* — Four rats, one tablespoon every two hours for 14 days. Every one of the animals died, apparently of jaundice.
3. *Pepper* — This experiment lasted through two feedings only. The rats tested eventually sneezed so violently that they blew themselves out of the top of their cages and escaped.
4. *Sugar* — Nine rats, one cube every hour on the hour for 26 days. Eight of them died. The ninth lived on, even though restricted to a liquid diet for the remainder of his days.
5. *Garlic* — Experiment discontinued.
6. *Hops* — Four rats, one tablespoon every two hours for six days. All remained in nearly perfect health, although on the fifth day they became more drowsy and irritable than usual, and on the sixth day they fought (apparently over a girl) and three were killed.
7. *Peanut Butter* — Eight rats, one tablespoon every hour on the hour for 12 days. All the rats perished due to an inability to swallow.
8. *Popcorn* — Twelve rats, one bowl apiece every three hours for 31 days. All the animals died within this period, though none left a single crumb in their bowls.

Demonstration I: (Carrots)

In later feedings (after the fifth or sixth day) there was little or no response to the food.

My wife had to coach him to eat, but how? The four or five traditional coaxing techniques (see table) left the animal cold. One of them ("Look! Here are carrots!") produced a negative reaction. He became increasingly stubborn and it was deemed necessary to force-feed him.

Foodstuff	Coaxing Technique	Response
Carrots	*"Come and get it."*	None
Carrots	*"It's good for you."*	None
Carrots	*"C'mon. You* have *to eat."*	None
Carrots	*"Are you going to eat or not?"*	None
Carrots	*"Look! Here are carrots!"*	Negative

On the eighth day, however, my wife discovered that another solution was to







make a game of it. By rotating the carrot over the rat's head and by making airplane noises ("Brrrrrrrrrr"), the animal was enticed into eating.

Demonstration II: (Hops)

Up until the fifth day, hops were extremely popular with the four rats involved. There were never any serious difficulties except in the mornings: The animals often slept late and always rose slowly.

They seemed to enjoy "drinking" their lunch, however, and their evenings were spent in pleasant (though for the most part loud) conversation.

Their fatal slugfest occurred on the sixth day, the result of an oversight on my part. I had placed their cage next to that contining three females in the sugar experiment, and one of these was an incorrigible tease.

Demonstration III: (Popcorn)

The introduction of a color television set was a satisfactory answer to feeding woes. The 12 rats gathered around it almost immediately and their small, red eyes hardly ever left the picture tube.

On the 24th day, the animals began to "drop off" one by one, although those that perished between the hours of 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. went entirely unnoticed by their fellows.

Interesting side note: The daytime serials were the most popular feeding times, and the Saturday morning cartoons were a close second.

Between feedings there was always a great amount of bickering, usually over program selection, and my wife and I were forced to intervene on a number of occasions when their democratic "show of hands" ended in a tie.

Our choices, however, were never very popular.

Observations:

My wife and I concluded that the foodstuffs tested were poor risks.

Within one month, all the animals were dead, excepting the one nicknamed "Sugar" and the victor of the hops experiment.

Side effects included a lessening of sexual activity, nausea, boredom (exception: the popcorn experiment), cramping and that general "blah" feeling usually associated with Thanksgiving.

Neither of us recommends the indiscriminate use of these or any other foodstuffs until further testing either confirms or rejects our findings. □


"IT IS NOT THE DISEASE
BUT NEGLECT OF THE REMEDY
WHICH DESTROYS LIFE."
(ENCYCLOPEDIA OF DICTIONARIES)
HELP!
HELP! I'M SINKING FAST....
URP!
YOWCH!
WHEEZE! GASP!
LOOKS LIKE A GAS ATTACK!
CLANG!
?
OOOOH!
KOF! KOF!
HACK!
THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!
EEK!
So long! Toots!!
?
OLD FACTORY WHISTLE
BLIGHT



ILLUSTRATION BY GAIL BURWEN

S.P.L.A.T.

BY JEAN SHEPHERD

How Much is That Dogma in the Window?

And so concludes part three of NBC's five-part salute to pollution, an in-depth study of environmental pollution starring Glen Campbell, Frank Sinatra, the Supremes, the Smothers Brothers, and M.C.'d by Red Skelton. Next week . . ."

I snapped off the set and yawned as a thought crossed my mind. My God, it sure gets you tired trying to keep up with each major crisis. I remembered the good old days of Ban the Bomb with a faint tinge of mauve nostalgia. Ah, the simple problems of yore. I wonder what the Ban the Bombers are doing now? Probably raising kids and fighting crabgrass. Oh, well.

The current major crisis, the environment, carried along with it the same old inevitable crowd of "experts" who predict, predictably, the imminent end of mankind. For as long as I can remember, some authority or another has stated irrevocably that the end was in sight. A few more years and it would all be over. Oh, well.

I poured myself a little unpolluted bourbon and sipped thoughtfully. I wonder what happened to that guy at Harvard or someplace who maintained stoutly that the astronauts would bring back deadly, unknown bacilli from the moon. Jesus, that one sure petered out. And then the gang of concerned experts who used to sit around on TV panels on Sunday afternoons, jabbering about bomb shelters. Now, there was a great crew of doom-sayers.

I flipped on the stereo and idly riffled the smudgy pages of *Copulation*, an underground journal of the sexual revolution edited by a defrocked Benedictine monk. Like all underground papers, it was available at every Times Square newsstand. My attention was caught briefly by an article describing the moving intellectual experiences of a 17-year-old female heroin addict at an orgy on 9th Street which somehow involved, among other creatures, a gelded chimpanzee. My mind just wasn't on it. Maybe it was the turgid prose. I glanced over the want ads, noting that sadomasochist lonely hearts clubs had apparently become one of the major industries of Manhattan, along with underground homosexual film festivals.

I flung the miserable rag aside. If a paper could have acne, that one had it. I was restless. It was one of those milky Sunday afternoons that you get from time to time in New York in August; temperature in the 90's, heat rising in shimmering waves from the tops of dented, filthy yellow cabs. I usually try to get out of town on a weekend like this, but I had missed connections. Here I was, alone, pacing my apartment like Captain Ahab stumping around the quarterdeck of the *Pequod*.

I tossed off another bourbon, which instantly produced an overwhelming sleepiness. My air conditioner was out, so the room was hot and muggy. I struggled with a window trying to get a little air. A breath of New York atmosphere oozed in.

I sniffed. A familiar New York aroma filled my lungs, made dank by too much city living. God, how I hated that smell! Every summer it rose from the lush neighborhoods of New York's East Side like a great cloud of swamp gas from the Dismal Swamp. It somehow was the other side of the coin in the lives of the Beautiful People. My breath came in shallow gasps as I tottered over to my zebra-skin Castro convertible. I flung myself headlong among the ravaged pile of old *New Yorkers* and soon my fevered soul drifted off to sleep, greased on its way by Jack Daniels.

A few brief, fitful dreams of a chaotic nature and suddenly, without warning, I found myself in a sea of bright lights; cameras with blinking red eyes peered at me; Steve Allen, looking deeply concerned, was asking me a question. He was flanked by David Susskind and Malcolm Boyd, the showbiz priest.

"You say you represent S.P.L.A.T.? An organization devoted to combating environmental pollution?" Allen's brow furrowed as he turned on his best Involved Citizen look.

"That is correct," I found myself saying.

"Well, Mr. Shepherd, and just what does S.P.L.A.T. stand for?" David Susskind asked this one, his fingertips pressing together making a tiny pyramid. He nodded knowingly in his best Liberal manner. Malcolm Boyd waved at the camera and pointed to the dust jacket of another book he had just written.

"I'd rather not say, if you don't mind," I answered, conscious of a murmur out in the darkness where the studio audience had assembled.

"Come now, it must stand for something. After all, you have over 12 million members."

"It certainly does," I replied, my confidence rising as I noticed that Susskind had a bit of dried chicken soup on his lapel. "It's not that I want to hide anything, you understand. It's just that there are probably women and children watching today."

"Yes, Jesus said to me the other day, when we were out jogging together, 'Blessed are the little children . . .' " Malcolm Boyd was off and running with the Lord again. ". . . in fact, I just cut an LP on this very subject. It's called . . ."

Allen raised his hand casually. "Easy, Malc. We'll plug the record at the end of the show."

Boyd frantically held up the record jacket and looked disappointed that the camera had winked out and was now pointing at Susskind. ". . . it's in stereo!" he squeaked.

"We don't expect to come up with all the answers today. After all, the environmental pollution crisis is very complex, but we concerned people feel that the liberal establishment particularly, relating itself to the suppressed minorities, the first victim of smog, recognizes that the certain amount of sacrifice and painful reevaluation plus cooperation among the more favored elements of the society . . ."

Susskind had the bit in his teeth and in his inimitable fashion was charging off into the wild blue yonder



spraying clichés recklessly in all directions. I found myself nodding as he droned on.

Luckily, a commercial cut him off in mid-platitude. The commercial seemed to be about a lady who found blue water in her john, and a 3-inch tall man in a rubber rowboat as well.

"C'mon, Shepherd, what do you mean, you can't tell us what S.P.L.A.T. stands for? This is an adult panel. After all, it's Sunday afternoon, when the serious shows are on. You can come right out and say it on this show. Right, boys?"

Susskind nodded gravely. Malcolm Boyd said, "I'll buy that."

"Well, it has to do with pollution, all right, I can tell you that. We're really getting militant, to boot. You bet!"

"I presume your organization . . ." Susskind crinkled his brow thoughtfully ". . . deals with problems of an environmental nature."

"You bet!" I interrupted. "And how!"

". . . one that concerns all the peoples?" Susskind had used one of his favorite words. He's at his best when dealing with peoples.

"Everybody I know!"

"Folks," Allen beamed at the studio audience out in the darkness, "Shepherd here can come right out and say it, can't he? We're all grown-ups here."

The audience applauded, with a few whistles and foot stamps thrown in.

"You see, like I said, they're grown up. Well, how about it? What does S.P.L.A.T. stand for?"

"Don't blame me if you get outraged letters," I fenced for time.

"Our unseen television audience is mature," Allen smiled benignly at me.

"Well, okay. It stands for Society for the Prevention and Limitation of Animal Turds."

A great roar of applause. More whistles and catcalls from the audience. I thought I detected a few screams.

"Eh? What was that?" Susskind, who was not in the habit of listening, appeared confused.

"Society for the Prevention and Limitation of Animal Turds," I repeated.

Susskind disappeared briefly under the desk.

"The other day I had a talk with the Lord on that very subject. The humble creatures of the field are blessed unto . . ."

"Hold it, Boyd," Allen silenced him.

"Let's get this straight, Shepherd. Are you anti-animal? If so . . ."

"No! Heavens no!" I broke in "it's just that here in New York every summer, you're knee-deep in . . ."

"Easy, Shepherd! This is television!" Allen glowered sternly at me.

". . . what my Aunt Emily called Doggie Dirties, and I can tell you . . ."

Susskind, who seemed to have recovered, waded in: "Our poor, dumb brethren, an oppressed minority which, under this sick system, should at least be given the vote, and . . ."

"Militant? You say your group is getting militant, eh?" Allen had alertly picked up a key word that is necessary in any intellectual discussion of our day.

"Yes, *militant*. That is correct." I ran my hand through the Afro wig I had recenty purchased at a shop in the Village with my American Express card. "We sure are getting militant. No telling where it will lead."

"How do you mean — *militant?*"

Boyd chimed in, his face wreathed in a beatific smile, "Ah, it is blessed to forgive and those who wield the mighty sword . . ."

"Cut it out, Boyd. Save that for your show at the Bitter End tonight. We only got half an hour." Allen, a firm-handed M.C., guided the show steadfastly.

"I say, when a system of popular democracy, based on mutual trust, fails the little peoples, militancy is the inevitable . . ."

Susskind, like Old Man River, rolled on, his words rich and sonorous with the singsong beat of phrases used over and over.

"Save it for your own show, Dave." Allen nodded in my direction, indicating that I should continue.

"We tried reason, even the courts. All that's left now is confrontation!" I peered at them through my jet-black shades. They quailed before me, recognizing, as all good liberals do, that militant confrontation is the hallmark of the righteous.

"Just what form does your militancy take?" Allen asked, leaning forward over his microphone.

"Well, we picket the ASPCA, for one."

"Why?" Susskind gasped in humane horror.

"Well, we're *for* cruelty to animals. They're plenty cruel to us. It's time the worm turned!"

"I am deeply shocked. As a reasonable citizen of good will, I must say, and I wish to make this clear, that I can scarcely believe that in this enlightened age anyone could be as depraved . . ." Susskind wrung his hands as he spoke, great tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Yes," I went on, "we're tired of having puppy poopoo, as our lady members call it, all over our sandals, not to mention our bare feet. We got a slogan: 'Kick a Squatting Dog in the Ass Today.' You probably saw our buttons."

"Say, I like that —" Allen interrupted himself to lead the audience in a brief cheer — "it would make a nice song title." He turned to his piano and sang in a quavery voice:

"Kick a squatting dog in the aaaass today.
Yeah, yeah, yeah,
Booot him in the rump, I saaaay,
Yeah, baby!
You and I together. . . .
Yeah, yeah, yeah . . ."

Allen hunched over the piano, caught up in the surge of creativity. Susskind dabbed at his eyes with a handkerchief that bore the embroidered insignia of the ACLU. Boyd crossed himself briefly and held up his LP to let the audience know where *he* stood on good and evil.

"We also . . ." I plunged ahead doggedly amid the hubbub, "organized nose-rubbing action squads."

Allen stopped dead in mid-note. Boyd flushed slightly and appeared to be fingering a crucifix. Susskind nodded his patriarchal gray head in disbelief, indicating sorrow at the depravity to which man can fall.

"Yesireebob, that's one of our most effective counter measures!"

"You mean . . ." Susskind was in full cry again, ". . . you mean those poor, innocent, oppressed little doggies are attacked by your Fascist thugs – and I feel justified in calling them that – are so outraged and set upon by the sick establishment, which you represent, as to have their sensitive little noses come into contact with . . .?"

He blew *his* sensitive nose emotionally into his ACLU handkerchief.

"Now, wait a minute, Dave. You don't mind if I call you Dave? After all, this is television. Anyway, you got it all wrong." I hitched up my *dashiki,* which was itching me between the shoulder blades.

"Well, I should hope so!" Malcolm Boyd, his brow furrowed with concern, took the stand. "To turn the other cheek and, to coin a phrase, to *suffer* doggie doo-doo is the Christian way to forgive, and . . ."

Allen cut in sharply at this point, his eye on the studio clock. "Explain yourself, Shepherd." He was not smiling.

"You see, we rub *owners'* noses in the doggie doo-doo. Every time we catch an Airedale or a beagle letting it go in the middle of the sidewalk, we grab the owner by the neck and . . ."

"Watch it, Shepherd!" Allen's tone had become menacing.

"You oughta hear 'em holler. The other day, the squad gave the treatment to a couple of fags that had these nine Afghans on a leash, and you never heard such shrieking and whoöping in your life! They learned a lesson they won't soon forget. Then there was this old lady with a bulldog . . ."

"That certainly answers our questions about militancy. Now, let's move on into other areas." Allen was back to smiling.

"It's getting to the point where a new breed of connoisseurs . . ."

"Connoisseurs?" Allen seemed relieved to be on a safe subject. "Connoisseurs? You mean, *art* connoisseurs?"

I answered: "A true Manhattanite, by the merest whiff, can tell you whether the little bundle of joy was left by a Pekingese, a Dalmation, a Great Dane or an Airedale."

"Oh, come on." Susskind wore his skeptical face, "Surely you're not telling us of liberal persuasion that . . ."

"Not to mention Yorkshires, dachshunds, Labrador retrievers, bullterriers and springer spaniels."

"You mean . . ." Allen sounded interested, ". . . just by the aroma, you can . . ?"

"Yes, right! St. Bernards, chows, rat terriers, blue tick hounds – the whole smelly lot. It's a new hobby. You might as well make a game of it if you have to live with it. We of S.P.L.A.T. have published a booklet on how to identify 234 varieties of puppy poop, and we'd be glad to send it to anyone who . . ."

"I'm sorry, but that old clock on the wall tells us that we've run out of time." Allen smiled at the audience. "Our guests today have been Malcolm Boyd, whose new record *Malcolm Boyd Wrestles with the Devil Accompanied by the Harmonicats,* recorded live at the Hollywood Brown Derby, has just been released on Pious Pelf Records, David Susskind, whose program *Open End* is seen over 9,000 television stations and digs deeply into today's vital problems, and Jean Shepherd, the dynamic, militant president of S.P.L.A.T., the Society for the Prevention and Limitation of Animal Turds. It's been a good show, hasn't it, folks?"

The crowd roared.

"Next week, we take up the problem of drug addiction among prenatal infants, and . . ."

I awoke in a cold sweat. It had grown dark. The apartment was deep in gloom. A fetid breath of air drifted in from the street. I sniffed appreciatively.

"Ah, there's a rare one for New York. A springer spaniel!" I arose to pour myself another drink. □



Walden, Schmalden

The Unpublished Letters of Henry David Thoreau

Lexington, Mass.
June 7

Dear Ralph,
I went down to Walden Pond yesterday as you suggested. Is it Walden or Waldo? I stopped in at the Different Drummer Tavern to wet the old whistle – I'd been doing birdcalls all the way down on the coach for one of the local skirts – and the barkeep said the pond was named after "Thomas Alva Emerson." There are some strange people down there.

Ralph, that place is quite a spot. It's lousy with the usual slimy creepers and crawlers, and you can't walk three feet in any direction without tripping over a tree root; but there's no mistaking it's a natural. I'm going to get in there with an ax and a chain saw next week and try to open up a path to the water.

I figure we could bill the place as a bottomless lake, just to start the ball rolling, and get a couple of the locals to swear to some yarn about a sea serpent or a giant clam or something, and maybe charge a dollar or two a shot to see the Pool of Mystery. If we played our cards right, we could outdraw the "rude bridge that arched the flood" and all those other Longfellow dives up in Concord combined.

I'm just thinking out loud, mind you.

Yours,
Hank Thoreau

Boston, Mass.
June 10

Dear Ralph,
I took another look at that Walden Pond of yours the other day. I tell you, it's a crime to let a place like that go to waste. For one thing, you couldn't find a better spot for a brewery. Mr. Coleslaugh, the sudser at the Drummer, says the local product, Paul Revere Ale (you know, "One if by land, two if by sea, Paul Revere is the one beer for me. . . .") is swill, and I'll go along with that. It could be a pretty small operation to start with, but the charcoal and firewood is just sitting there in all those trees, and the water in that pond is so clear, you can see the bottom.

Hell, Ralph, you could bottle the water itself and sell it as Walden Spring Water, maybe put a little saltpeter in to give it a mineral taste and say it was some kind of health tonic. And if you'd put your name on the label, Emerson's Own Transcendental Vapors, that sort of thing, we'd clean up.

I think I'll drop down there again next week for another quick look-see.

Yours,
Hank

Hingham, Mass.
June 12

Dear Ralph,
I've been doing a little more thinking about that property of yours – you know, that pond land of yours at the end of Wheeler Road – and it seems to me that it's the perfect spot for a sort of resort camp. I went over to Haverhill the other week and I eyeballed one of the local operations.

There were about 20 cabins made out of pressed pumpkins and old copies of the *Worcester Telegram* but covered with split logs to make them look like the real thing. They couldn't have cost more than $50 apiece, including labor, and the sharpie who runs the place, a cousin of Mr. Coleslaugh's named Bryerson or Smethurst or something, says he has all but one rented for the season at $10 a week. He called the place Rhyming Pines, but there's not a pine in sight of six miles as anything flies, it's all scrub oak and poison sumac, and the pond he has is the work of some beavers who got sick and fed up with the place – a long time ago, by the looks of their dam.

I don't need to tell you that Walden makes that layout look like Tophet.

Your old friend,
Hank

Roslindale, Mass.
June 17

Dear Ralph,
How's everything up in Concord? Seen any redcoats? Ha ha.

The way I see it, this Walden place is money in the bank. Any way you look at it, it's a winner. I did some rough figuring the other day, just off the top of my head, and here's how I see it:

Dynamite (for large trees, deep stumps, etc.)	$75
Axes, saws and sledges (rented)	5
Paper, cardboard, pressed sawdust or whatever	35
Paint (something bright)	10
Chintz (250 yards)	40
Shutters and flower boxes	45
Ornamental spinning wheel planters and butter churns	50
Lanterns, American eagles, ship prints	60

We could knock the whole thing together in one month flat, then take out ads and set up signs on all the roads. You know, "Only 7 miles to Walden Woods," "Only 5 miles to Walden Woods," or "See the Snake Farm." Snakes always grab them. I know where we can round up about 100 garden snakes for a song. Once you get them there, you're home free. I think we should go heavy on the Pilgrim stuff. A spinning wheel in every cabin, Indian corn tacked up on all the doors, maybe a couple of cigar-store Indians in the woods. I could wear some Puritan getup and give some line about how Walden was where they signed some treaty with the Quoits or the Cunegondas, maybe even change the name of the place to Lake Waldenookit, and it might not be a bad idea to salt the place with a few arrowheads. Everybody is nuts about finding arrowheads.

Ralph, it's surefire. Didn't you once say that opportunity knocks but once? Or was that Longfellow?

Yours,
Hank

Concord, Mass.
June 25

Dear Ralph,
Believe me, I understand your concern. A lot of people have gotten burned on these deals.

I think I've got the answer. I'll knock together a shack down there by the pond, plant some soybeans and cut corn and bread. Maybe I'll charge two bits for interviews with the hermit, but if it's all right with you, I'll stay up at your place nights. Those woods give me the creeps. I've got a whole pile of old brochures and some of those woodsman's pamphlets that tell you how to tie half gainers and take the bones out of oysters, and I figure I can get out a pretty snappy batch of copy about the joys of living cheek-by-jowl with Mother Nature and playing whist with the trees and all of that. If it catches on even a little, we'll put that pond on the map.

Yours,
Hank □


APRIL 1992
MAGAZINE 75c
BIZARRE
THE MAGAZINE FOR MUTANTS
IS THE WORLD WAR III LOOK COMING BACK?
100 FABULOUS WAYS TO MAKE YOUR GENETIC DEFECTS INTO ELECTRIC ASSETS
BIZARRE'S OWN HELPING CLAW TO GOOD GROOMING
HOW THE BOMB CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE, AND YOUR SEX
RADIANT ENERGY: SIX EASY STEPS TO A BRAND NEW YOU=235 BY EDWARD AND MARY TELLER

OUT ON A LIMB...



...when choosing foundation garments to fit your *special* needs? Now, BIKINI BEACH presents a bra and girdle ensemble that turns those superfluous segments into *extra added attractions.* Gently but firmly contouring your extraneous anatomy into a bonus of beauty, BIKINI BEACH bras and panty girdles give extra support to your unusual lovelinesses. All of them.

BIKINI BEACH ensembles are available in a variety of colors, including
**Profuchia*
**Epcore ochre*
**Multiple earth*
and
**I am numerous, yellow*

 PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KIN SANG CHAN

GAMMA RAVES

By Belinda Bicephalique

FABULOUS FREAK-OUT... is the *only* way to describe the *très chic* goings on at the Ninth Annual Aberrant Cotillion held this year in the lavishly decorated Air Force Dirigible Hangar in trendy *Alamagordo, New Mexico!* Since 1978, the Cotillion has been the social *fin de fin* of the Beautiful Mutants, and everyone (and every*thing)* was there. The theme for this year's gala *fête* was "Be a Sport," and the glittering guests appeared in their *kookiest* attire, each faintly glowing participant costumed as his absolute *favorite* form of radiation poisoning. Among those present were the Count and Countess Porfirio Polymorph (masked as coagulation and leukemia, respectively) and, much to the raised nosebrows of many, *screen actor Oskar Octopoid,* openly tentacle-and-wing with the much-divorced *rara avis* Heather Spoonbill.

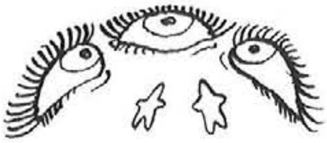


Dr. Antoine de Quaque

GOOD NEWS FOR THE FEATHERED... is in store due to a simply *stunning new breakthrough in cosmetic surgery!* Famous Parisian plastic surgeon Dr. Antoine de Quaque has discovered a simple (but *costly)* method for removing those *bothersome facial feathers* which plague so many of us born after they dropped the *you-know-what.* In an oh-so-secret operation, Dr. Quaque replaces the plumage with actual, very-difficult-to-obtain *humanoid skin!* If his method continues to work with such success, he says he will soon begin work on removing unsightly fur, scales, horn and linoleum!

AN ABSOLUTE MUST-READ... is Jerome Baskett-Case's *delicious* historical romance, *The French Lieutenant's Lobster.* More than just another bit of period froth, *Lobster* faithfully recreates those madcap, perhaps-just-a-little-sad years after the nuclear holocaust when all the children born grew up rather... *strange.* Pity the plight of poor Angelique Langouste, orphaned in the middle of those off-putting fire-storm days, raised by an Alsatian fisherman as his own catch and then set loose in the world only to fall *tragically in love* with a man who could never understand why Angelique refused to be a woman first... and a crustacean second.

Eyes on the Sky



By

Chandra Changeling

TAURUS, the Winged Bull. April 21-May 20. Element: Hydrogen isotope. As a Taurus, you tend to cover up the fact that your curvaceous torso is topped by the head of an adult male bovine. Unsure of yourself in social situations, you try to hide your particular mutation by pretending you actually *are* a bull, loping around on all fours and bellowing murderously.

Accept the fact that you are... special, and let that realization work *for* you, not against you. (How many times have you heard a jaded bachelor say, "Oh, she's a nice kid all right, but I wish she were a bit more ...animal."?) *Animal,* get it? All you have to do is charge right in and turn on your own particular brand of charm. He *still* doesn't respond? That's fine too, Taurus, just lower your head and... well, you know.

GEMINI, the Twins. May 21-June 21. Element: Strontium 90. You and your Siamese companion may be having a number of semi-serious tiffs this month, so try to be as diplomatic as possible. Let *her* lead when dancing, and don't overlook those little points of personal hygiene that make us all good neighbors. Avoid turnstiles, skiing and 100-yard dashes.

CANCER, the Crab. June 22-July 22. Element: Cobalt. An ardent aficionado of sun 'n' surf, you habitually scuttle away from friendly advances and retreat into your shell. Why not try shedding your social carapace and start a cold-blooded pincers movement on that dreamy Italian aquarium attendant who's been spending a *suspicious amount of time* cleaning your tank? Bona fortuna! (Continued on page 118)

BEAUTY TIPS FOR MUTANTS

By Fran Kafka

Who says a mutant has to go dateless? Here are a few posture pointers guaranteed to make him sit up and take notice!



SWAY BACK can be a constant source of embarrassment to any girl, particularly if it's sway back over her tummy! It's true that having your upper torso set 180 degrees to your legs makes difficult such everyday fun as dancing, tennis, walking, etc. A simple and effective exercise to correct this condition, often dubbed "Corrigan's Ailment," involves grasping the right breast with the left hand and simply tugging firmly and rhythmically in a counter-clockwise direction 10 times a day, seven days a week, every year that the problem remains. Within decades, you will notice a gratifying list to the left that will be sure to catch the eye of your standoffish Prince Charming!

TOO AMPLY ENDOWED? Many girls nowadays have this ironic problem. Time was when women would give their right arm to fill out their meager bosoms. So, count yourself lucky! *Subtle drapery* is the easy answer in this case. Just casually toss the folds of those daring near-nude styles ever-so-carelessly across that excess pulchritude, and you will be amazed at the results! (Warning: Take care not to cover your extra loveliness completely, or you will unwittingly give the illusion that you are suffering from Chaney's Lump, more commonly known as Dromedariosis.)




Do Panty Hose Leave You Up in the Air?
Don't have your heads in the clouds when it comes to your legs. You'll cause a fire-storm of excitement with the new Twin-Pac pantyhose by Mr. Ripley. Watch your popularity leave ground zero and start mushrooming when you sheath your kinky curves in his supple, smooth, lighter-than-air support. Why not fall out of your cloud and drop into a pair before your next party? We guarantee a chain reaction.
MR. RIPLEY
underthings for the wond'rous strange



AN INTERVIEW WITH SMOKEY THE BEAR

BY JOHN WEIDMAN

Smokey the Bear is a national institution — as much a part of the American way of life as Girl Scout cookies and Sunday doubleheaders. Created for the U.S. Forest Service in 1945, Smokey's name has become synonymous with the prevention of forest fires and the preservation of our natural forest environment. In 1969 alone, $18 million in public service advertising was turned over to Smokey's woodland warnings, and $92,000 in Federal revenues resulted from the leasing of Smokey's name to various toy and novelty companies.

Smokey, in short, has become big business — big government business and, in this era of intense concern with the health of our environment, big conservation business.

Small wonder, then, that ecology fans from coast to coast were puzzled and upset by "reliable reports" published recently in a major news magazine that Smokey was so dissatisfied with his relationship with Uncle Sam, he was seriously considering retiring from government service and returning to private life.

In an effort to get to the bottom of these rumors, I spoke to Smokey and his longtime associate, Freddy the Trainer, about Smokey's career and his future plans. I found Smokey and Freddy relaxing in the living room of their plush Los Angeles duplex overlooking the North American mammal cages of the Griffith Park Zoo. . . .

NATIONAL LAMPOON: Smokey, you've risen above almost every other member of your species to become one of the best loved and most respected bears in the world. What do you think makes you so exceptional?

SMOKEY: I guess I'd have to say my gentleness and playfulness.

NATLAMP: Is that all?

SMOKEY: Well, also the fact that I wear pants and talk.

NATLAMP: When did you first discover you had this ability to communicate?

SMOKEY: I suppose I always had it but just didn't know about it. The gang I grew up with in the woods outside Bangor was long on roaring but short on conversation. I didn't start talking till I started working with Freddy.

NATLAMP: When was that?

FREDDY: In 1941. I was with the circus up in Maine doing a bit called "Freddy and his High-Wire Hippos." The last night we were there, Smokey wandered into the tent and ate my act.

SMOKEY: It was a terrible thing to do, but I was hungry and I just didn't know any better.

FREDDY: I was pretty sore, but I decided to keep Smokey and see what I could work out. The war had just started, so I wanted to try something patriotic.

SMOKEY: Freddy would dress up like Hitler and go out and start haranguing the crowd. Just when the audience started







"We were getting pretty discouraged. Freddy finally glued a big key to my back and billed me as 'Freddy's Woodland Wind-Up Wonder.'"



"The roar was deafening, huge trees were going up like matchsticks, animals were jumping up and down and screaming."



"When I started out, the wilderness business was left to professionals like me and Mark Trail. Nowadays, everybody's an expert on this ecology stuff."

getting angry, I'd run out from backstage and bite him in the ass. The people loved it.

FREDDY: When the war ended, the act lost most of its appeal of course. I tried dressing up like Bulganin and Malenkov, but we never got much audience response.

SMOKEY: Freddy was getting ready to ship me back to Maine and give hippos another try. I tried to talk him out of it.

NATLAMP: That was the first time you spoke?

SMOKEY: I was desperate. Maine in December is no picnic.

NATLAMP: What exactly were your first words?

SMOKEY: "Say good night to the folks, Gracie."

NATLAMP: Excuse me?

SMOKEY: Well, back then I wasn't too good at translating thoughts into words, so I just repeated something I'd heard over the radio.

FREDDY: I wouldn't have cared if his first words had been "Kiss off, sister." When I heard that bear talk, I knew I had a hot item. But I also knew that not even those Down East yokels would swallow an act featuring what was supposed to be a talking bear. To tell you the truth, I wasn't sure what to do.

SMOKEY: We were getting pretty discouraged. Freddy finally glued a big key to my back and billed me as "Freddy's Woodland Wind-Up Wonder." He'd pretend to turn the key a couple of times and I'd tap dance around the stage singing *Teddy Bear's Picnic*. It was terrible.

NATLAMP: How did you finally get hooked up with the government?

SMOKEY: Freddy saw in the trade papers that the U.S. Forest Service was looking for a trained bear to do commercials.

FREDDY: There must have been 60 bears at the audition, growling and drooling and wrestling around with their owners. Just the usual screwing around. When Smokey and I went in, they asked me if we were going to wrestle, too. I just lit a cigar.

SMOKEY: We let about a minute go by to build up a little suspense, then I stood up and sang the National Anthem. We got the contract immediately.

FREDDY: To my knowledge, Smokey is the only North American Brown Bear in history that's taken a loyalty oath and had his forebears investigated by the F.B.I. Forebears, get it?

NATLAMP: Yes. Did the people at the Forest Service give you the name "Smokey" that day? Your jingle says you can spot a fire before it starts to flame, that's why they call you Smokey, that's how you got your name.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL SULLIVAN

SMOKEY: That's a fiction. Freddy started calling me Smokey when we were still doing the Hitler routine.

NATLAMP: Why?

SMOKEY: Because I smoke. Chesterfields. Two packs a day.

NATLAMP: How about your ranger pants?

FREDDY: That was the government's idea. They put the little ranger hat on him right away, but the pants came later. You see, from a public relations point of view, a bear on all fours is a cuddly, roly-poly dream. Your problems start when he stands on two feet in front of an audience of 10-year-old Girl Scouts.

NATLAMP: Your name has been a household word now for 25 years, Smokey. During that whole exciting period, what's been your biggest thrill?

SMOKEY: Being on *The Tonight Show* and meeting Bob Hope.

NATLAMP: I mean in the line of duty. You must have had some great thrills as a fire fighter.

SMOKEY: Well, not really. To tell you the truth, I've only seen a forest fire once.

FREDDY: When Smokey first got the government job, they flew him over a fire that was burning out of control in Northern California. They wanted him to experience the destructive horror of a forest fire first hand.

SMOKEY: It was fantastic. The roar was deafening, huge trees were going up like matchsticks, animals were jumping and screaming. Down on the ground, these guys with shovels were trying to dig trenches, but a lot of them caught on fire and started running around, and other guys would try to catch them and wrap them in blankets.

FREDDY: Smokey was very upset. Weren't you, Smokey?

SMOKEY: Uh, sure, you bet.

NATLAMP: You've been in the public eye for as long as I can remember, Smokey. But what's next? What are your plans for the future?

FREDDY: I'll handle that one. You see this piece of paper? It's a government contract offering to extend and expand Smokey's current public relations program through the year 1980. You'll notice it has been signed at the bottom by Wally Hickel, Secretary of the Interior. You will also notice that Smokey's signature is conspicuous by its absence.

NATLAMP: Does that mean that the current rumors are true, Smokey? You're actually considering retiring from government service?

SMOKEY: Well, we do have several things to hammer out with the Forest Service before the contract gets signed.

NATLAMP: Why this sudden friction?

SMOKEY: When I started out, the wilderness business was left to professionals like me and Mark Trail. Nowadays, everybody's an expert on this ecology stuff. I'll tell you, in my day we didn't worry about the $5-words, we just put out the fires. Every pin-striped, big-city politician is suddenly a Forest Ranger. Most of those clowns don't know the difference between a muskrat and a bear dropping.

FREDDY: And then there's what they're trying to do to Smokey.

NATLAMP: What's that?

FREDDY: Bell-bottomed ranger pants, that's what. They want him to run around the woods in bell-bottomed ranger pants and carry flowers instead of a shovel. They think it'll make him more up to date, broaden his appeal. It's all in the contract. It's horseshit.

NATLAMP: But Smokey, assuming you really are through with the U.S. Forest Service, what *are* your plans for the future?

SMOKEY: I've seriously considered going back to the woods and forgetting the whole rat race — like that lion in *Born Free*. But, frankly, I think I've eaten too much steak and caviar to go back to roots, berries and an occasional Cub Scout.

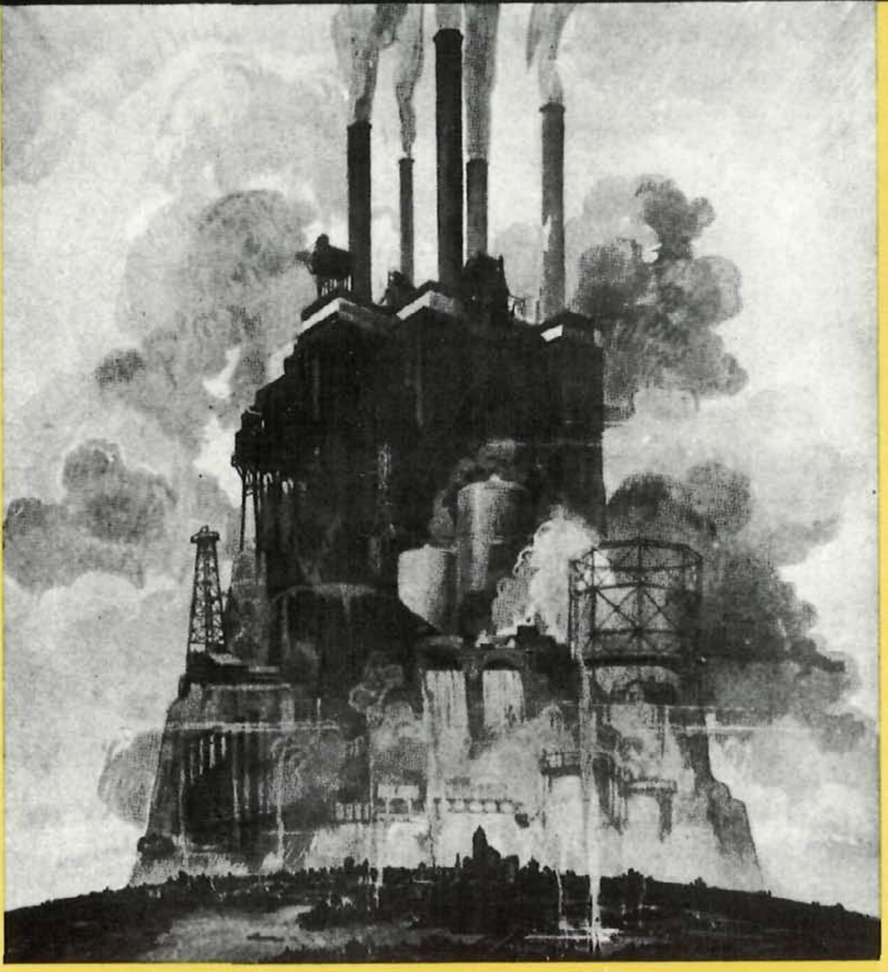
NATLAMP: What alternatives does that leave you?

SMOKEY: Well, we still think we can apply a little pressure and bring the government around to our way of thinking. Tomorrow afternoon, for example, we're taping *The Mike Douglas Show*. Freddy's going to dress up as Mao Tse-tung. I'm going to run out and bite him in the ass, and we'll see what happens. □



sludge

the magazine of gunk



"Give us...the...refuse of your teeming shore."

--Emma Lazarus

Do You Have a Restless Urge to Despoil?

If So, You Have Much in Common with Successful Polluters. Read how the Famous Polluters School is helping people turn a restless urge for despoliation into success in contaminating.

by Harding W. Scoog, President, Imperial Offshore Drilling Corporation

There's something different about people who feel the urge to befoul. They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives or loving grandparents . . . but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through swill.

Many successful polluters know the same feelings.

If you have this burning need to generate waste, you too may have the gift that successful polluters possess. It is, all in all, that recurring ache to turn the river you've known all your life into a ribbon of bilge, to share your proudest discharges and emissions with other human beings.

Successful putrefiers know that anyone who possesses the restless urge to contaminate has perhaps the most important ingredient of polluting success. But they realize that the urge can literally waste away if you don't know how to get started . . . or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

A new kind of polluting school

Several years ago, I joined forces with the other polluters shown below to form the Famous Polluters School. Our aim was to give today's beginning begrimer the extra help we ourselves would have welcomed when we were starting. We dumped all of our secrets to success into a set of specially created textbooks and "wastage assignments." Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing "crud merchant" needs.



Harding W. Scoog has spent a lifetime helping the naturally messy break into high paying pollution careers. He is a former winner of the *Sludge* Gunk-of-the-Year Award and is presently head of the Imperial Offshore Drilling Corporation.



They started the Famous Polluters School in 1960:
Left to right: Lester Mudpuppy, Margaret Murk, Gretta Guttergums, Norman B. Breath, Vincent van Gunk, Seymour Slime, Maurice Scum, Nicholas A. Roma, Albert B. Foul, Max Overflow, Derrick Topple, Earl Leek, Phyllis Spew.

When you return your assignment, one of the School's instructors — themselves all professional despoilers — goes over your work toxin by toxin, effluent by effluent. Then he sends it all back to you with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your work.

Students breaking into gunk

A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to pollute can be — no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated: "After two years of laying claim to nothing more than a few stagnant puddles outside my back door," reports J. Zuverink of Nambe, N.M., "I've succeeded in turning an entire nearby pond into a festering sink." Lucy Gagliano of Central Islip, Long Island, N.Y., recently discharged into the Gowanus Canal enough waste to eat up 29,000 pounds of oxygen. She says: "There's no question about it — without the Famous Polluters School, I never would have done it." And Hillary Hartung of Galveston, Tex., writing us about the results of a recent besliming assignment she carried out in the Brazos River, comments, "You've no doubt heard the expression, 'That water is not fit to wash a creosoted railroad crosstie in.' Well, I tried, and it isn't!"

Spoilage Aptitude Test offered

To find other men and women with ability worth developing, my colleagues and I have devised a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, along with a brochure describing the school. When you return the test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our staff. If you do well on the test — or offer other evidence of your ability to destroy the environment — you may enroll for professional training. However, you are under no obligation to do so.

Famous Polluters School
General Motors Building
160 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York

I want to know if I have pollution aptitude worth developing. Please mail me, without obligation, your Aptitude Test and illustrated brochure.

Mr.
Mrs. .... Age ....
Miss (circle one and please print)

Street ....

City ....

State .... Zip ....

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Suppuration Council.

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THE SLUDGEHAMMER

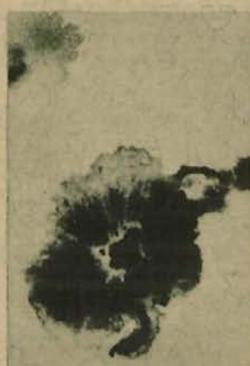
New Hope for Non-Lethal Pollutants



Drs. Allen Lohrke and Robert Baechtold of the University of California report that levels of pollutants previously dismissed as too low to kill certain organisms are still sufficient to inhibit reproduction. One and a half years of experiments in laboratory-simulated streams show that so-called "sub-lethal" pollutants can halt the reproduction of midge larvae, stone flies and zooplankton.

Dr. Baechtold was on top of the world after his experiment. He kissed his fingers, held them high and said, "We are getting gradual and insidious decimations of these organisms at so-called 'sub-lethal' levels of pollution!"

Secretary Hickel on Oil Slick Junket



Just as the current issue of *Sludge* went to press, United States Secretary of the Interior Walter J. Hickel announced that he was going to fly from Washington to New Orleans to catch a firsthand glimpse of an unusually large oil slick reportedly headed toward the Louisiana oyster beds. "The slick is three miles wide and 12 miles long!" the Secretary said. "I'm going to fly over it in a helicopter!"

So-called "conservationists" built vinyl and plywood dams in the Gulf of Mexico to try to keep the oil from spreading. Fortunately, the dams collapsed.

Emphysema on the Rise



"The fastest growing cause of death among New Yorkers is pulmonary emphysema," an enthusiastic New York City health examiner revealed today, "and air pollution is responsible!

"On the autopsy table, it's unmistakable!" continued Dr. Patrick Fontinato, barely able to contain his excitement. "The person who spent his life in the Adirondacks has pink lungs, while the city dweller has lungs usually as black as coal!"

In a related development, Dr. Wilbur James Gould, a member of Mayor John Lindsay's Task Force on Noise Control, reported that subway conductors and motormen have been losing their hearing at a record rate lately.

America On The March

AMERICAN INDUSTRY
General Motors Building
160 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Dear Concerned Citizen:

Over the past couple of years, we've had to listen to a few alarmists (back in the '50's they were sighting flying saucers and wearing those kooky Ban the Bomb buttons) make a big fuss over ecology (Ma Nature was good enough for us), throwing around a lot of $10-words like "bio-degradable," "pathogenic" and "photosynthesis" (whatever they mean).

Well, now, there are two sides to every story and we of Industry ask you, the reader, to let us speak our piece. That's the American Way, "the spirit that made this country what it is today." We of Industry may not agree with what these few alarmists say, but we will defend to their death their right to say it.

On the following pages, we're going to point out some of the many benefits of pollution which, we feel, have been overlooked in the scramble to push the panic button. Pardon us for thumping our own tub, but we're darned proud of what we've done in the past and plan to do much more in the future (Sweden, Peru and Ethiopia may have a swell ecology, but we don't see them walking on the moon!). Who can blame us if we get a mite hot under the collar when the eggheads start running scared!

We of Industry admit we're not afraid to get our hands dirty...but we get the job done!

Yours truly,

American Industry

From Sea to Shining Sea

"Remember to throw into the sea the oil which I give to you when straight way the winds will abate and a calm and smiling sea will accompany you . . ."
The Venerable Bede Ecclesiastical History III Book III Chapter 15

Since the dawn of history, oil and water have been harmoniously linked. Oil and water (and vinegar plus a touch of oregano) combine to make a tasty salad dressing. Oil and water team up to help your car perform efficiently. Professional long-distance swimmers even cover themselves with oil before going in the water. But when a handful of offshore oil rigs sprout a leak, everyone casts aside oil-and-water's longstanding partnership and raises the roof without considering the many advantages of an oil slick. We of Petroleum would like to list just 10 of them:

1. OIL SLICK reduces friction to let you surf faster!
2. OIL SLICK eliminates scrounging for firewood (merely stick a wick in the sand and light it)!
3. OIL SLICK ends psoriasis and sun-dried skin by luxuriating your body in rich emollients!



4. OIL SLICK keeps your hair in place all summer!
5. OIL SLICK puts an end to painful beach headaches by reducing glare (just like the stuff that football players smear under their eyes)!



6. OIL SLICK tans you in one day (or one minute, for that matter)!



7. OIL SLICK insures safer swimming by ridding the ocean of treacherous and unpredictable sea creatures!
8. OIL SLICK cuts down on noise (no more crashing of waves to set the nerves on edge)!
9. OIL SLICK lubricates your outboard motor!



Bird-Cleaning Parties Latest Campus Craze

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, collegiates have flipped for a new *now* fad — the bird-cleaning party! Armed with scrub brushes and soap, leftos and lettermen alike swarm to the beaches in search of a *dirty* bird. With all that hair, it must be hard to tell the boys from the gulls, but somehow they depart leaving many a fairer fowl. Observing the phenomenon, one sociologist remarked, "It channels their youthful energy and is a lot more constructive than stuffing Volkswagens. At least they're not burning down the *administration building.*" *Then he added, with a slight* chuckle, "And now, if we could just get them to use some of that soap on themselves . . ."

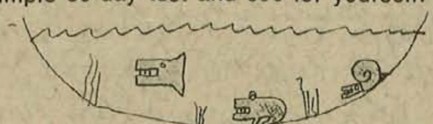




INDUSTRY BRIGHTENS UP OUR WATERWAYS

Unlike soap, which breaks down after only one using, detergents don't quit. Their powerful, active agents keep on cleaning, brightening up America's rivers and lakes. But don't take our word for it. Try this simple 30-day test and see for yourself:

"It's the big job cleaner!"
Spic & Span motto





a. Dump a few dozen bars of ordinary soap into a small pond and wait 15 days.
The results will be similar to our artist's conception. Note the dirty fish, the unkempt frog, the unsightly snail. The soap is obviously a washout!

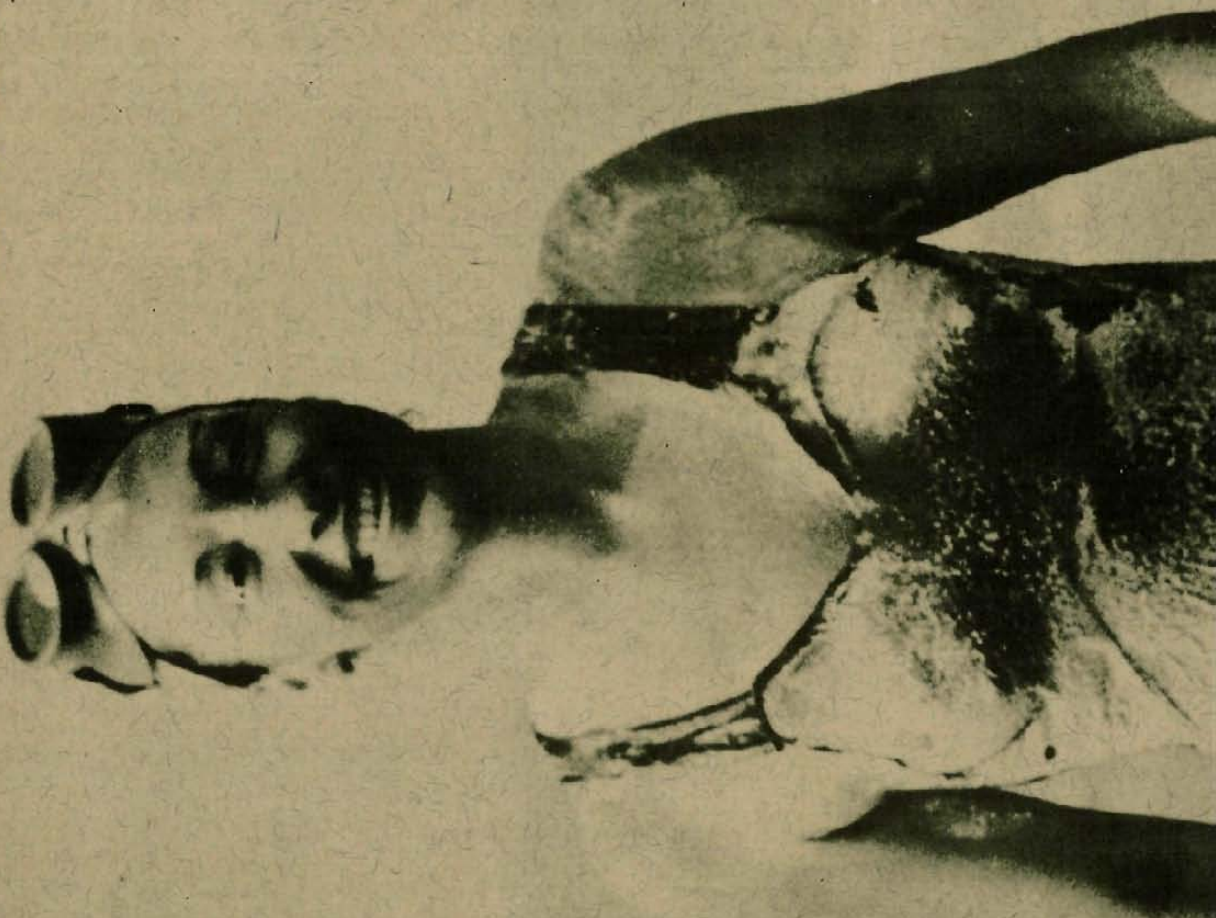
b. Now, dump a giant, economy-size box of your favorite detergent into the same pond and wait another 15 days.

Gone is all that nasty slime and unpleasant gook. The fish, frog and snail gleam. The reeds sparkle. Even the rocks are spotless. Now, you have a pond to be proud of. And your heavy duty detergent is still at work inhibiting the growth of bacteria which, as we all know, are little germs that give your children colds!



Miss Sludge

GUNK GIRL OF THE MONTH





UNCLE GUNKLE'S NATURE CORNER



Hi Boys! Hi Girls! Hi Mums and Dads!
This month, we have a really wonderful surprise for you! We're beginning a Brand New series of *SLUDGE WILDLIFE STAMPS!* Isn't that great?! And right here on this page, I've printed them for you to see! Aren't they terrific?! They're a really swell way for you to get to know some of the wonders and miracles of the world of Old Mother Nature!

1. *The Brown Rat.* Some say that the first animal to befriend Man was the dog, but Men and Rats have been living together for just as long or longer. Dogs are expensive to keep, but rats run around and find food for themselves! And don't forget that nowadays most people live in cities, where dogs are unhappy, but rats thrive! Look out, though. Some people are saying that we should clean up our cities, and if we did that, you can be sure that thousands of Man's old Friends, the Rats would *starve to death!* The picture on the stamp shows Mommy Rat and her two adorable Babies.

2. *The Lamprey.* This funny looking fellow is one of Nature's real wonders! He may look like an eel, but he's really a fish, and that mouth of his is one of Nature's miracles. In it are about 125 sharp teeth, and once they've clamped on to another fish, they *never let go!* Clever old Mr. Lamprey just hangs on, sucking out the other fish's insides and getting a free ride to boot. Some people have been saying that we should try to kill all the Lampreys in the Great Lakes, which just goes to show how much respect some people have for the Wonders of Nature!

3. *Algae.* This exciting stuff is *actually a plant,* and what's really amazing is that it *lives on soap!* Yes, sir, when your Mom empties out her washing machine, the detergent in the water goes through the miracle of our sewer system to rivers and streams, where it becomes *food for the algae.* Isn't that incredible?! And what's really wonderful is that a lot of scientific people *say that someday, most of our food may come from algae!* But — you know what? Some other people say that we should be getting detergents OUT of our rivers! These people are out to destroy not only a Miracle of Nature, but *man himself!*

4. *The Sludgeworm.* Well, we don't have to say much about these cunning little folk, do we? As you all know, Sam and Sally Sludgeworm are the official mascots here at Unkle Gunkle's Nature Corner, and we've discussed their fascinating habits many times in the past. But I have a surprise for you! Remember last month, when I told you how to make your very own bowl of sludge? Well, go back and poke around in it with your fingers and I'll bet you'll find that by now you have some pet sludgeworms all of your very own!

5. *The Leech.* These clever little guys look a bit like



baby lampreys, but they're not! They're worms! They may have taken some lessons from Mr. Lamprey, though, for they love to grab hold of someone and suck up their dinner, too! If you'd like some pet leeches of your very own, just go for a swim in any industrial area, for that's where Mr. Leech and his family thrive! I'll wager that by the time you come out, you'll have picked up quite a few new friends!

6. *The Housefly.* Some people get all excited when they see the first robin of spring, but around our house the big day is when we first hear the friendly buzzing of Old Mr. Housefly, 'cause that means summer is just around the corner! And what a wonderful critter Mr. Fly is! He loves to breed in gook, and with his amazing, sticky feet he can walk upside down on a piece of glass! And did you know that *he doesn't have to chew his food?!* When he lands on your cake, he doesn't bite it . . . first he *melts* it, then he *sucks it up!* Isn't that *something?!* It just goes to show that right under our very noses, Miracles of Nature are going on all the time!

Now, kids, I bet you noticed something about every Miracle of Nature featured in our Wildlife Stamps. Yes, each Miracle is *threatened!* Unthinking people are out to upset the delicate balance of Man and Nature that keeps them alive! But you can help! Just send for Unkle Gunkle's *Sludge* Wildlife Stamps (General Motors Building, 160 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., N.Y.) and I'll send you a complete set of stamps. Then, you can wear them proudly, showing that *you* have done *your* part toward saving for *your* children these Miracles of Nature.

UNKLE GUNKLE'S NATURE REPORT:

Great news, kids! Those mean old eagles are disappearing fast! But, look out! I have word that whooping cranes are on the rise and that their numbers may soon reach plague proportions! If you see one, maim it!

That's all for this month!
UNKLE GUNKLE



Near End for Those Annoying Harp Seals?

Once a hardy breed of men had to fight their way across dangerous ice floes to struggle in hand to-hand combat with these vicious creatures. But no more!

The captain and crew of the tanker *Arrow* have scored an historic victory in man's war against that perennial pest, the harp seal. By breaking up their giant ship in a fortuitous storm not far from Nova Scotia last spring, spilling tons of oil into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, they succeeded in wiping out more than 3,000 of the migrating mammals in a matter of only a few days.

"Their final throes were especially gruesome," announced a triumphant Dr. Simon Phiel, marine biologist and veteran seal-fighter, "for the animals' flippers stuck to their bodies, making swimming difficult or impossible, while the heavy, tar-like coating deteriorated their skin. The combination eventually stressed the animals to the point of exhaustion and death!"

Dr. Phiel, whose remarks were part of a speech he delivered at a Bangor, Me., testimonial dinner on behalf of the *Arrow*'s sailors, was interrupted on several occasions by applause, laughter and shouts of "Hear, hear!"

(continued)

INDUSTRY GIVES SMOKERS A FREE ROLLS-ROYCE

Scientists have recently proven that merely breathing the air of certain American cities is the equivalent of smoking two and a half packs of cigarettes per day, two and a half packs of cigarettes that you, the smoker, are getting absolutely free. Assuming that the average pack of cigarettes costs 50¢, this means a saving of $1.25 per day, $456.25 per year, and, in five years, a total saving of $2,281.25! Consequently, you can take this $2,281.25 and purchase a brand new automobile, not a Rolls-Royce, to be sure, but if enough people buy new automobiles, breathing city air will rise to the equivalent of smoking 20 packs of cigarettes per day, saving you $3,650 per year and, in five years, a grand total of $18,250, more than enough for a Rolls-Royce *plus a little left over for a liveried chauffeur!*



INDUSTRY CREATES BREATHTAKING SUNSETS

". . . sunsets . . . never reach their maximum of beauty until they are touched by decay."

H. L. Mencken



Before: A banal, lackluster sunset caused by so-called "pure" air. Note the somber hues, limited tonality, fuzzy definition.



After: The same sunset technically augmented with sulfur dioxide, nitrogen dioxide, nitric oxide, hydrocarbons, ozone, aldehydes, oxidants, benzopyrene, carbon monoxide, all varieties of particular matter and many other essential by-products of the industrial experience! Leave it to American free enterprise to gussie up nature's palette!



Help Save Our Threatened Lampreys and Carp

The 1899 Refuse Act gives the Army Engineer Corps power to ban from all navigable waters and tributaries "any refuse matter of any kind" except liquid sewage. Lately, the Corps has been making some noises about carrying out that law. Until now, purveyors of gunk and garbage have not been required to "show cause" why they should not cease from dumping pollutants into America's streams and harbors. But with all of today's babble about conservation, this favorable situation could change at any time. The answer:

REPEAL THE 1899 REFUSE ACT!

The 1899 Refuse Act was passed in a different America, before the lampreys and carp that today rule our streams had the ecological opportunity to become prevalent. So-called "conservationists" argue that gunk and garbage must be removed from these streams. But to do so would kill untold numbers of lampreys and carp — and does man have any more right to tamper with the lamprey and carp populations than he does with those of the useless cranes and passenger pigeons the faddists are always prattling about?

SEND YOUR CONTRIBUTION NOW TO

THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE TO SAVE THE LAMPREY AND THE CARP

General Motors Building, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York



Sludge Safaris

Our *Sludge* safaris in 1970 are heading out in a new direction . . . to the Columbia Gorge in Washington state, not far from where the ammunition ship, *Badger State,* blew up last December 26.

Our safari theme for 1970 is "Ravaged by Rail," and we have a choice of two marvelous Columbia Gorge journeys all mapped out for you. One is sure to suit your needs, so come along. . . .

Safari I: Ride with us along three miles of railroad right-of-way near The Dalles, Ore., where a tank car containing a noxious chemical leaked last winter. Observe the beautiful and mysterious curling effect that the fumes from the chemical had on trees as far as three miles from the tracks. Enter the glittering world of stunted crops across the Columbia River at Dallesport. (Leave from Salem, Ore., July 15. $390.)

Safari II: A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to literally ride shotgun aboard the already famous "nerve-gas train" from Bangor, Wash., to the Umatilla Ordnance Depot near Hermiston, Ore. Two magnificently appointed private railroad cars have been added to the train to accommodate the lucky 100 who will be taken on this *Sludge* safari. Share the thrill of watching 700 railway cars filled with toxic nerve gas try to negotiate the difficult back country tracks of Washington and Oregon. Experience the rare excitement of riding on trackage under rock cliffs hundreds of feet high from which boulders often bounce when loosened by winter storms. Ride through the still-scarred country where a train was lost recently when its engine struck a rock slide. Thrill to the fact that if this should happen to *your train,* enough poison gas to kill seven billion people might be released into the atmosphere. Visit with the mayor of Hermiston (he's also the town mortician), who says his community welcomes the "gas train." (Mount up in Bangor, Wash., about August 1. Approximate cost: $1,450. Dates are now being finalized.)

The World of Sludge *Is a Beautiful World*

Isn't it a world that needs to be seen by you . . . ?

Sludge Safaris

Please send full descriptive literature and application form.

I am interested in: ☐ *Sludge* Safari I

☐ *Sludge* Safari II

Mr.
Mrs. . . . .
Miss

Address: Street. . . . .

City. . . . .

State. Zip. . . . . .

Tel. No. . . . .

Send to *Sludge* Safaris, General Motors Building, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

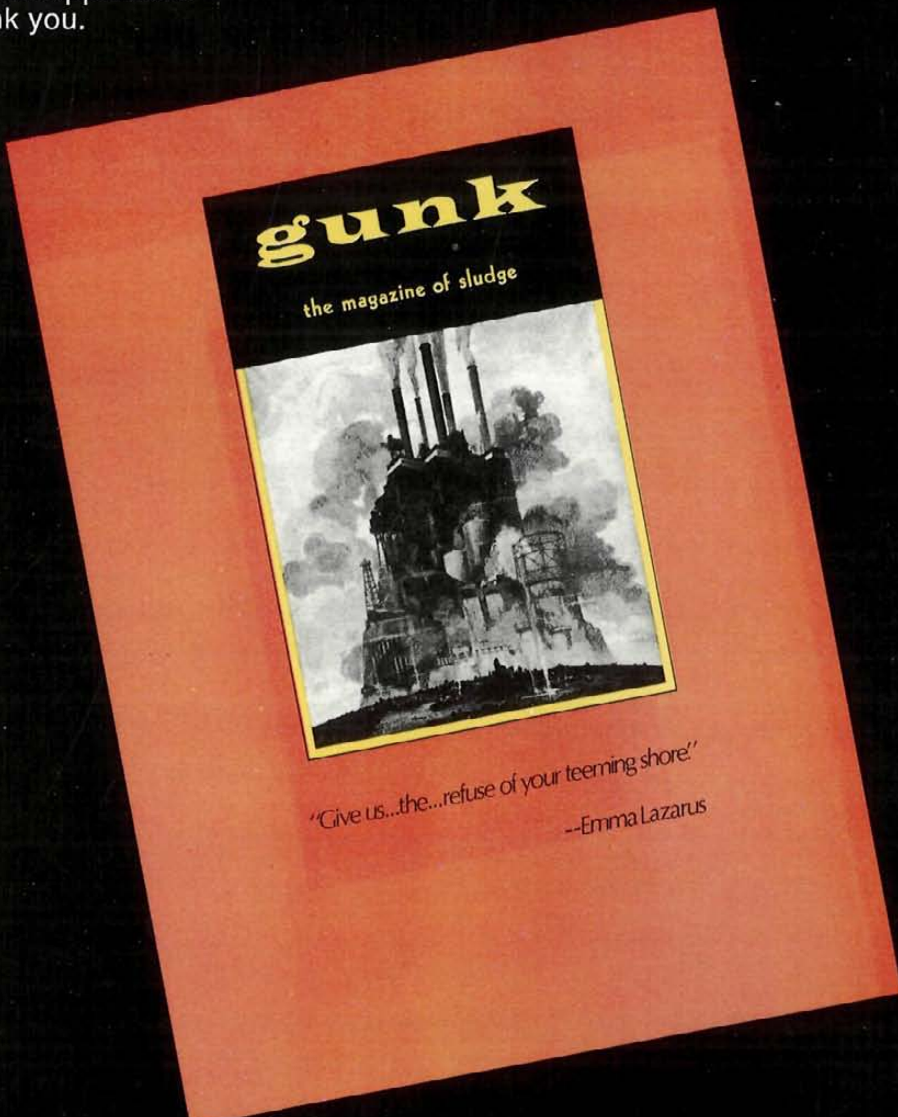
Beware of Cheap Imitations!

Now that *Sludge, the Magazine of Gunk* is enjoying such wonderful success, many imitators have sprung up to challenge our for many years uncontested position at the top of the slag heap (among these are *Gunk, the Magazine of Sludge*, and *Swill: the Bilge-Lovers' Digest*).

Don't buy them. They are cheap imitations.

Make sure you ask for *Sludge, the Magazine of Gunk* by name! Then you are sure not to be disappointed.

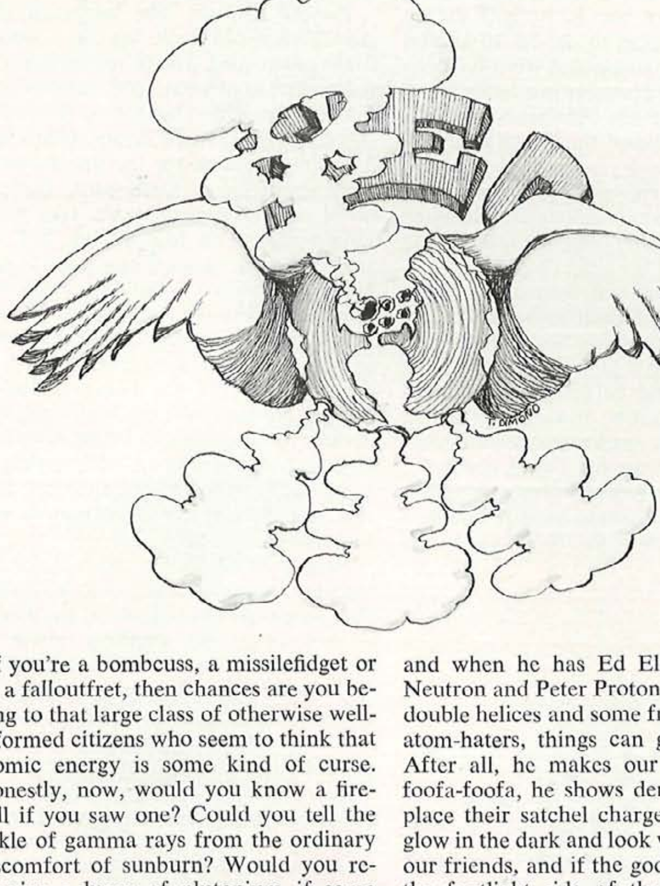
Thank you.



Operation Plowshare

by Henry Beard

...And They Shall Beat Their Swords to a Pulp...



If you're a bombcuss, a missilefidget or a falloutfret, then chances are you belong to that large class of otherwise well-informed citizens who seem to think that atomic energy is some kind of curse. Honestly, now, would you know a fireball if you saw one? Could you tell the tickle of gamma rays from the ordinary discomfort of sunburn? Would you recognize a lump of plutonium if some practical joker dropped one in your lap?

If you answered "no" to any of these questions, you're easy prey to all kinds of superstitions, fanciful legends and old wives' tales about nuclear science. Frankly, in a case like this, major surgery is indicated — but just between us, a copy of the Atomic Energy Commission's informative handbook, *Meet Mr. Atom,* will do the trick. If you don't have a copy, rush right down to your community's colorful AEC display bunker and pick up one. In the time it takes for a pound of Disgustum-109 to turn into dog food, you'll be deep into the wonderful, wacky world of the peaceful atom. You'd rather be in New Jersey? Don't be silly, and don't be old-fashioned. Mr. Atom wants to be our friend, and when he has Ed Electron, Nancy Neutron and Peter Proton over for a few double helices and some frank talk about atom-haters, things can get pretty hot. After all, he makes our rotisseries go foofa-foofa, he shows dentists where to place their satchel charges, he helps us glow in the dark and look weird to amuse our friends, and if the godless nastics on the footlight side of the Iron Curtain start acting up, we'll have Mr. Atom to thank when they get turned into cuff dust and pocket fluff and sold at cost.

But most important of all, Mr. Atom is helping the many gifted scientists of the Atomic Energy Commission to spiff up our dull old planet with peaceful atomic blasts. (These are easy to tell from the uninteresting wartime kind: During the critical pre-detonation phase, look for the words "atomic device" on the bomb and the absence of slogans like "To Russia, with love" and "This one's for little enslaved Estonia." After detonation, examine the mushroom cloud and be on the lookout for the telltale red stem and delicate, feathery cap of safe varieties.)

In recent years, the AEC has transformed the attractive but useless Van Allen radiation belt into a pulsating zone of active, hard-working x-rays; turned millions of cubic feet of oil-rich shale into complicated, desirable substances, many of them with important Latin names; and put the sleepy atoll of Bikini on the map with funny plants that speak French, animals with extra sets of hands and feet (for hard to get at places) and colorful sea creatures that play dead for years at a time. But that's only the beginning, and if someone will pull down the shades, I'll do my impression of a wristwatch and then I'll give you a little glimpse of what the future holds.

Project Slag. Scheduled for late September, Project Slag calls for the detonation of 60 precisely positioned kiloton atomic explosions, either in Nevada or somewhere else, to see if commercial-grade slag and slurry can be liberated from otherwise unproductive rock. If the project is successful, millions of tons of valuable material will be thrown into neat, ring-shaped piles, leaving a huge storage cavity which should prove useful as a dumping ground for any radioactive residue.

Project Paul Bunyan. Named after the famous logger of song and story, this operation will test the feasibility of using one-kiloton nuclear devices to harvest the rich Pacific Coast timberlands, which until now have proven inaccessible to logging operations. The emphasis will be on the production of chips and splinters for the burgeoning chip and splinter industry. Detonated in the tops of unusually large trees, the atomic charges will save millions of man-hours of cutting and hauling, and, depending on prevailing winds, will yield a welcome dividend of pulp by-products for neighboring communities.

Project Bluebeard. Exploration of the ocean floor is costly and time-consuming, but there's no question that the sea bed holds great mineral wealth in its watery clutches. Sidestepping tedious and expensive exploration by divers in cumbersome deep-sea rigs, Project Bluebeard will give oceanographers, geologists and zoologists a chance to look over — without even getting wet — some of the scientifically important things found

under the world's great oceans. The first of a series of blasts scheduled for early next year will blow a large section of the famed Mariana Trench into neighboring Slug Island, where it can be sifted through at leisure for several hours at a time by scientist's wearing special lead suits.

Project Aladdin. Just as the ordinary-looking lamp in the well-known tale contained a helpful genie, so, reason scientists, may the unproductive mantle or crust of the earth hide some wonderful substance. Experts disagree on just what lies beneath this 10-mile thick layer of granite and basalt that covers the globe, but among the popular theories are molten metal, including valuable nickel and brass; a huge amount of natural gas or possibly high-octane aviation fuel; or perhaps some hitherto undiscovered element that will prove a great boon to mankind. A 50-megaton hydrogen bomb detonated at the bottom of a very deep well will be the modern equivalent of Aladdin's "rub," and a huge cement plug will keep the "genie" capped until he has been given a clean bill of health.

Project Face-Lift. Can the nuisance of poorly placed mountains, cliffs and other natural formations be overcome? Can unsightly marshes and wetlands be made into productive lakes and ponds? Scientists hope to find the answers to these and other questions late this year with a series of 100 nuclear explosions aimed at turning low-grade natural eyesores and blemishes into major industrial and recreational resources. Relying on the ancient principle of the lever and the hammer, Project directors will use atomic power to make up for nature's goofs. Slated for a face-lift are the Dakota Badlands, which, depending on the results of the test shot, will be either a ski resort or a unique crater park, and the Bonneville Salt Flats, which will become either a huge lake or a mound.

Project Jack Frost. No one's too sure of what's under all that frozen waste in Antarctica, but it's a safe bet that whatever it is, it has ice beat cold. To find out exactly what does lie beneath the ice cap, scientists plan to use 55 10-kiloton atomic devices suspended from balloons propped up on crates or just left around. Set off more or less simultaneously in a ring pattern around the South Pole, the explosions should generate enough heat to turn the ice to steam, which will drift harmlessly away in telltale clouds much like the ones that can be seen riding from factories on cold days.

A possible spin-off from these blasts are thousands of giant icebergs. Posing no danger to shipping because of their vivid, radioactive glow, these great ice mountains could be nudged by successive atomic blasts toward our great coastal cities to ensure an adequate supply of fresh water for future needs.

Project Hole. Scientists have long been puzzled by the curious, localized depressions that occur naturally in our roads and open land and in their giant counterparts, valleys and canyons. Using a series of one-megaton devices, they hope to duplicate conditions which existed when these mysterious geological oddities were produced, and to learn, in the process, much about the nature of pit phenomena and the whole excavatory cycle. They are optimistic about finding some clue to the age-old puzzle of what happens to the material displaced during the course of hole-formation. In order to obtain scientifically valid data, 75 500-kiloton devices will be detonated in various areas.

Project Clipper. The unprecedented growth of world trade has put a severe strain on existing canals and waterways. A few quirks of geography have proven a sailor's curse and have, over the countless centuries, caused costly delays and dangerous detours for the many vessels that ply the seas. Until now, conventional construction methods have made canal-building an idle dream, but the atom promises to bring new hope to seafarers. In addition to building a new sea-level canal through the Isthmus of Panama (which will provide the added bonus of ending the ancient threat posed by the imbalance of the oceans), Project Clipper planners will use multi-megaton devices to dig canals or inland ship passages across a dozen age-old barriers to shipping, including Baja California, Florida, the Malay Peninsula, Korea and Malta.

Project Mark Twain. Named for the beloved humorist who once remarked that people always talk about the weather but never do anything about it, Project Mark Twain will take a giant step toward controlling our pesky weather and harnessing the untapped power in our clouds. With the aid of a chain of carefully planned airbursts set off in thunderheads, hurricanes, tornadoes, pony tails and mackerels, Project scientists hope to find out how storms are caused and how they can be retarded. A popular dividend of this project will be the spectacular red, yellow and green sunsets that will be seen in many parts of the country during the decade following the tests, and the brightly glowing rain, much like a Roman candle, which will fall intermittently.

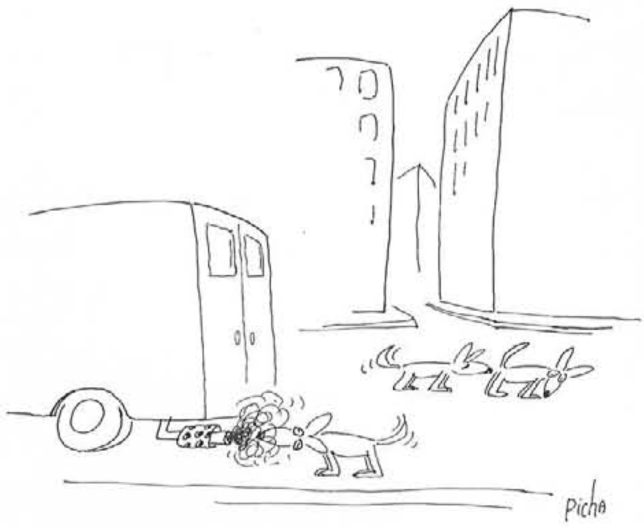
Project 1776. In a slightly more frivolous but nevertheless useful project, the directors of the nation's birthday celebrations plan a series of noisy atomic detonations throughout the country during the centennial year, culminating in the explosion at Los Alamos on July 4 of a 1,000-megaton hydrogen bomb, the echo of which should be heard literally around the world. The result of the giant blast will be an immense Peace Pit, dedicated to the constructive use of atomic energy. No scientific data is sought. □



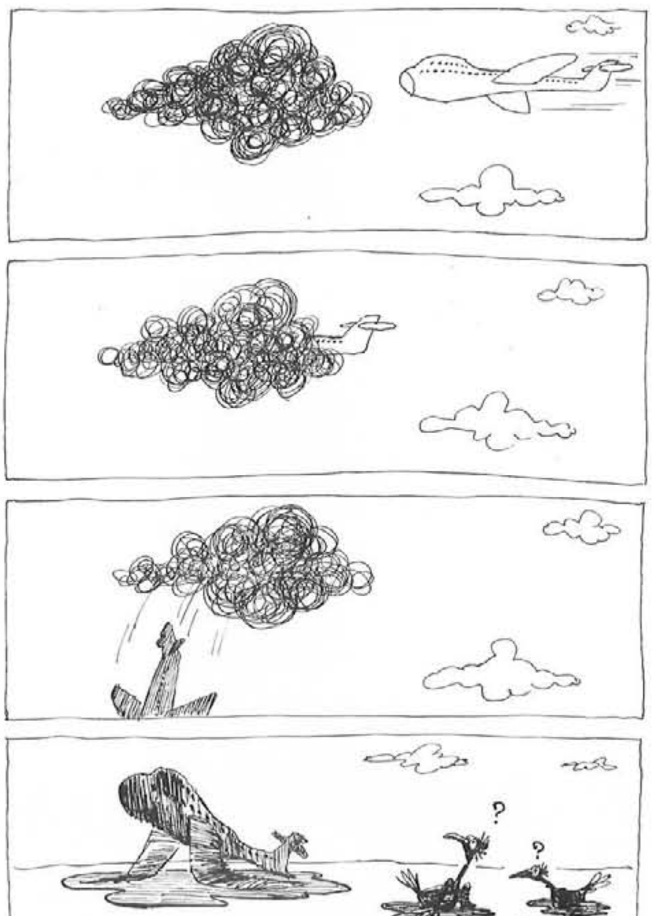
"Soot shoes."

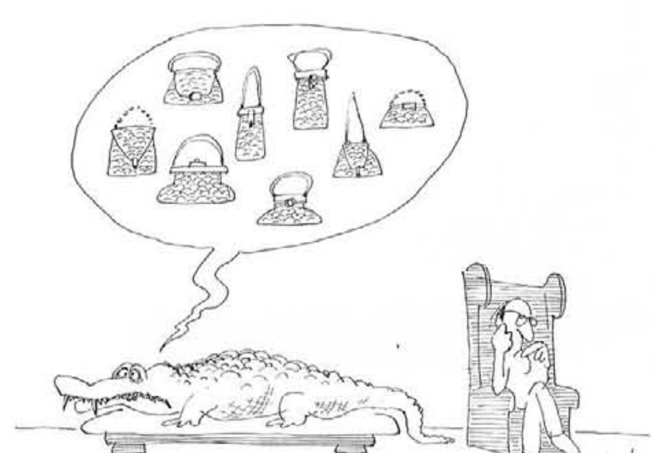
Pollution

by Picha











Vanishing Wildlife / Last Chance to Save a Species

Our Threatened Nazis

The interesting specimens shown on these pages are Nazi swine, oı Grant's Gesellschaft, the last remnants of once great herds which only a few decades ago roamed Europe from the Mediterranean to the Volga. (Once thought to number over 10 million, only 34 were found after World War II decimated their natural habitat.) Rarer and more colorful than the common German pig, with which they are often mistaken, these unique creatures are highly prized for their leather, monocles, Lugers and handsome bold markings, and have been hunted almost to the point of extinction by poachers and souvenir seekers. There are now less than 7,000 in existence, and most of these live in special sanctuaries and government preserves in Eastern Switzerland, Argentina and near Cape Kennedy, Fla. Shy, sullen and morose in captivity, Nazis seldom survive for more than a few months, aimlessly pacing their cages in their oddly comic walk and emitting plaintive, guttural cries. If placed in the same cage with another member of the species, they invariably grow suspicious of each other and will follow each other around until they die of exhaustion. Surprisingly enough, some members of the species have proved highly adaptable and have managed to avoid the fate of their luckless cousins. One subspecies, for example, quite recently evolved a protective red coloration and continues to prosper in parts of Eastern Europe and Russia. Another, apparently well suited to Mediterranean climes, has adapted itself to the dry, hilly country of Spain and Greece and is now a dominant species. But despite these successes and generally strict game laws, the Nazi remains in serious danger. □

Above, a bund of Nazis frolic in a tropical Argentine sanctuary At upper right, a rare photograph shows a huge herd of these handsome but doomed creatures moving south in one of the last of thei great, lemming-like Anschlusses, *o annual migrations. In sharp contrast, at lower right, is this picture of a recent gathering of the drabber, more common German pig. Below right, a large mature bull, one of the few to survive captivity, plays with a special aptitude-testing toy while delicate instruments record physical data as part of a long-range study o the species. "Inky," below left was less fortunate. Pride of the Jerusalem Zoo, he survived less than a year.*



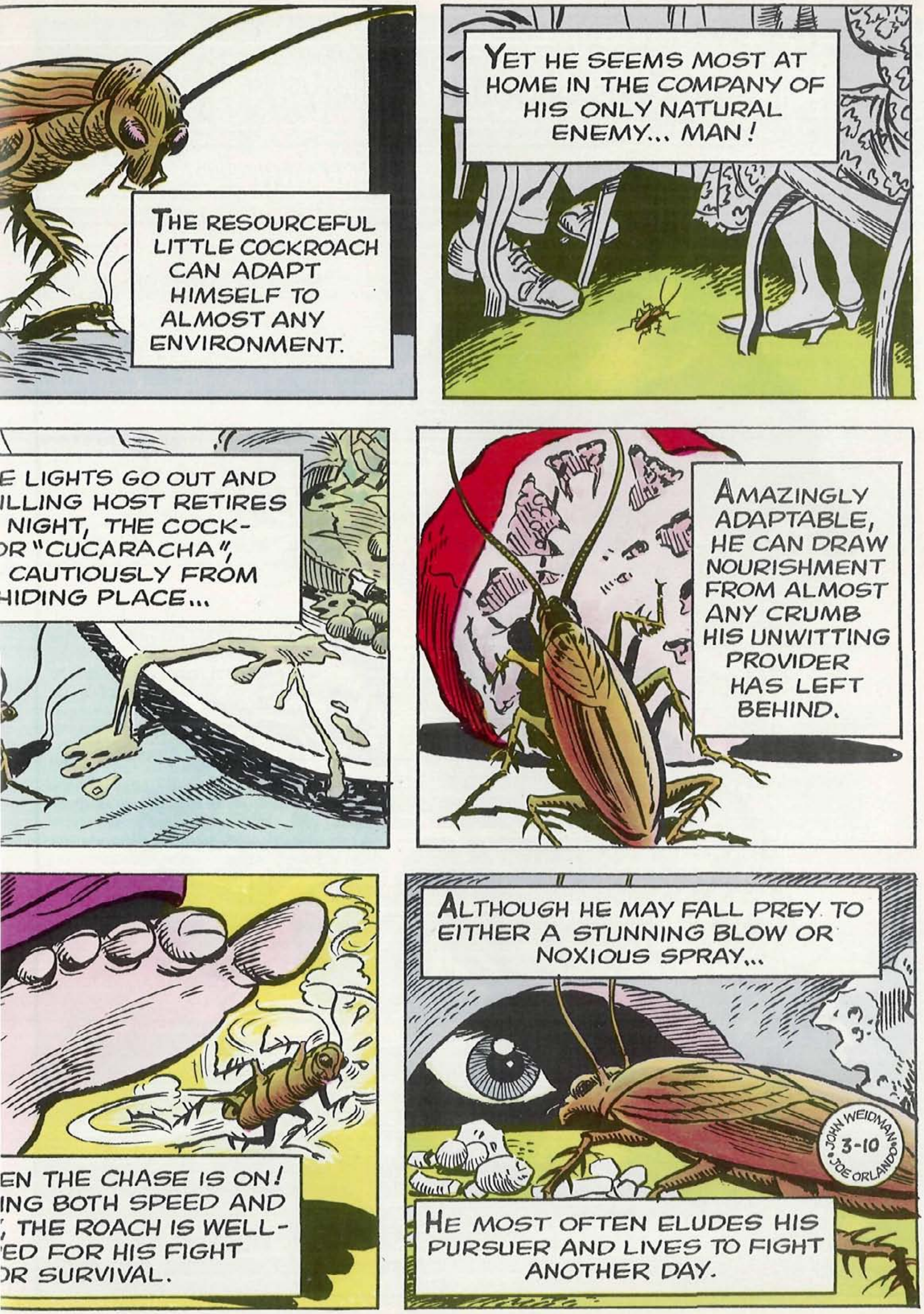









MARC TRAIL
STEALTHILY SECRETING HIMSELF UNDER FLOOR-BOARDS OR BEHIND KITCHEN APPLIANCES, THE "ROACH," AS HE IS COMMONLY KNOWN, AWAITS HIS OPPORTUNITY.
YET HIS IS A PRECARIOUS EXISTENCE FOR HE ALWAYS RUNS THE RISK OF DISCOVERY...
SHIT!

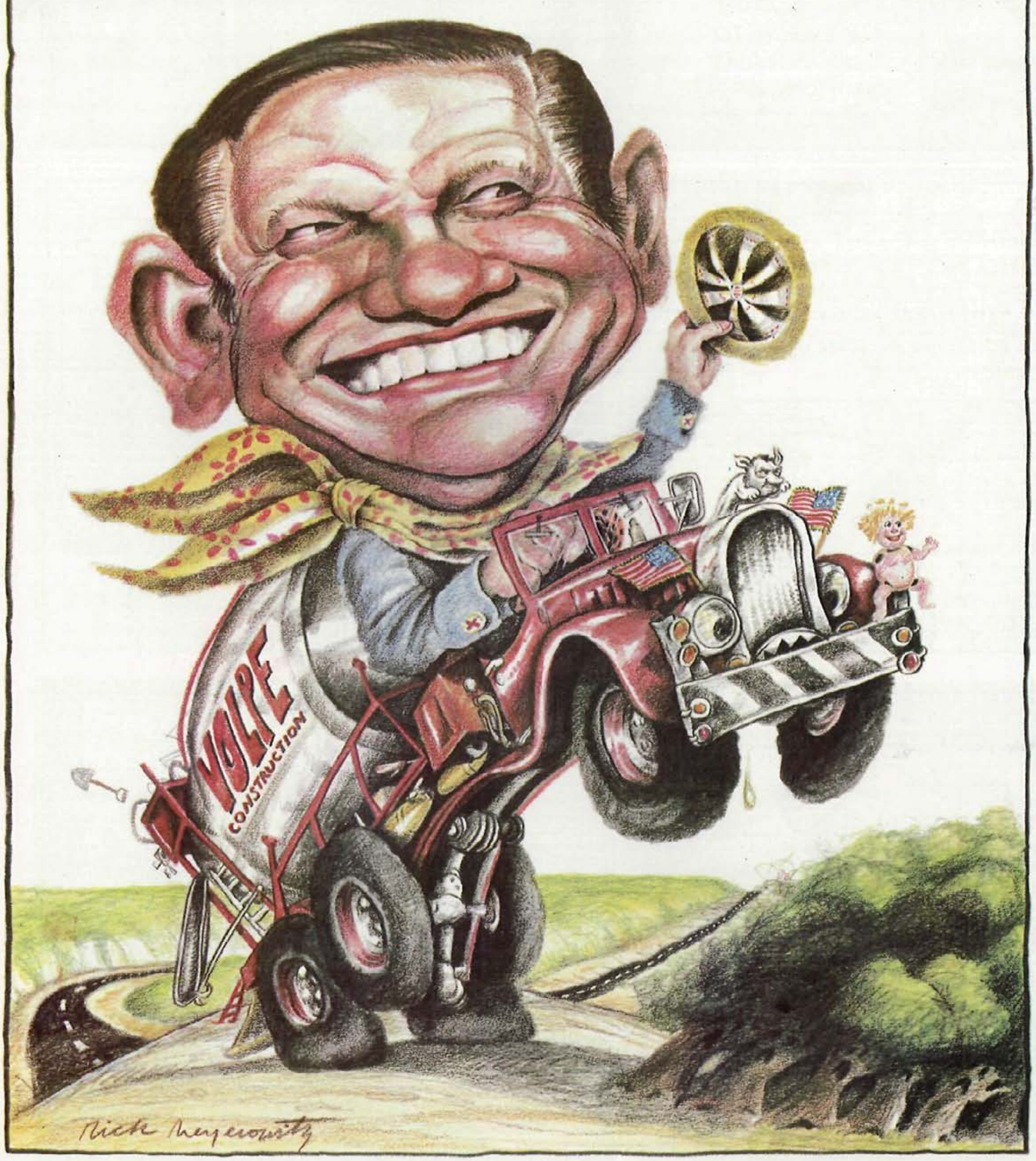


THE RESOURCEFUL LITTLE COCKROACH CAN ADAPT HIMSELF TO ALMOST ANY ENVIRONMENT.
YET HE SEEMS MOST AT HOME IN THE COMPANY OF HIS ONLY NATURAL ENEMY... MAN!
E LIGHTS GO OUT AND
ILLING HOST RETIRES
NIGHT, THE COCK-
OR "CUCARACHA",
CAUTIOUSLY FROM
HIDING PLACE...
AMAZINGLY ADAPTABLE, HE CAN DRAW NOURISHMENT FROM ALMOST ANY CRUMB HIS UNWITTING PROVIDER HAS LEFT BEHIND.
EN THE CHASE IS ON!
ING BOTH SPEED AND
, THE ROACH IS WELL-
PED FOR HIS FIGHT
OR SURVIVAL.
ALTHOUGH HE MAY FALL PREY TO EITHER A STUNNING BLOW OR NOXIOUS SPRAY...
JOHN WEIDMAN 3-10 JOE ORLANDO
HE MOST OFTEN ELUDES HIS PURSUER AND LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

Rick's Shooting Gallery

by Rick Meyerowitz

"A road is a beautiful thing. When we put a road right through a place, usually we beautify that place."



EXTINCTION

by Michael O'Donoghue

The "Endangered Species" Game that's sweeping the globe!

At last, an exciting new parlor game based on the actual adventures of our wildlife! Now you can enjoy all the thrills and action of the struggle for survival *in your own home!*

RULES

Just place your Token on its starting point, spin the Hunter and proceed down the path according to the amount indicated. If, on the completion of your move, you land on a red BONUS SPACE, continue moving as per instructions on the sides of the board. Each of the other players follows in turn. The first player to reach THE FINISH, to become *EXTINCT*, wins. It's that easy! Go to it and — good luck!

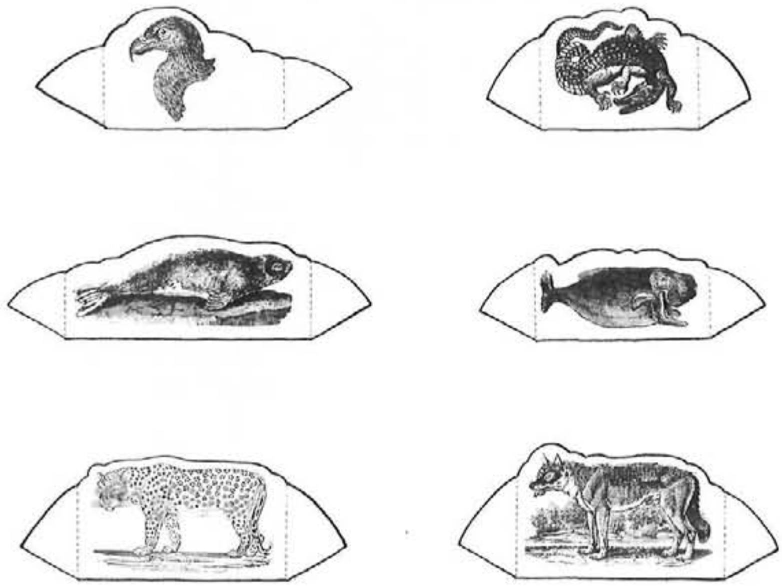
INSTRUCTIONS

Clip out Tokens and mount on stiff cardboard.[1] Fold back tabs on dotted lines.

Clip out Hunter A and Move Indicator B. Mount both on stiff cardboard. Pin Hunter A to Move Indicator B at Point C.[2]

[1] To accomplish this, it will be necessary to destroy the board on the next page. This is not an oversight by the editors. Au contraire, it's a deliberate and calculated plan to force you to buy two copies and so double circulation.

[2] If you're one of the rare few who don't want to play EXTINCTION, perhaps you'll be interested in supporting The World Wildlife Fund, Suite 619, 910 Seventeenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006, an organization attempting to save endangered species.

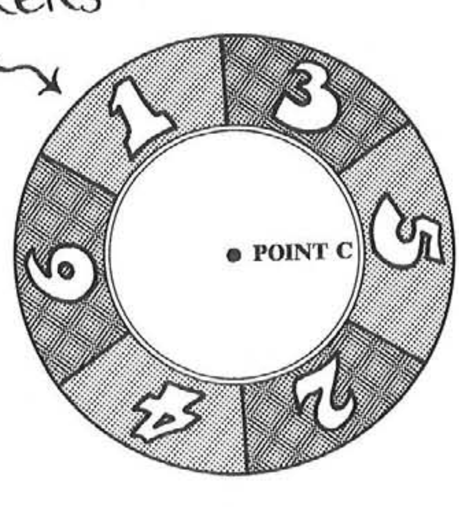


Tokens

Equipment



HUNTER A



MOVE INDICATOR B

THE HUNTER'S CREED

"It doesn't matter if you win or lose, it's how you slay the game!"

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER BRAMLEY

SEAL (1) Paris decrees: Sealskin coats are all the rage! Move ahead 3 spaces.

SEAL (2) Ira Goldfarb, noted furrier of Manhattan's swank Park Avenue, announces his fabulous Spring Sale that offers a warehouse of sealskin coats at savings of up to 60%! Move ahead 3 spaces.

SEAL (3) "Chic Magazine" quotes a leading lesbian as saying, "Seal tooth earrings are just too dernier cri for words!" Move ahead 2 spaces.

SEAL (4) On page 57 of the 2nd section of "The New York Star-Liberal" appears a one-column article decrying the brutal slaughter of seals! On page 3, section 1, appears a full-page ad announcing Ira Goldfarb's fabulous Spring Sale that offers a warehouse of sealskin coats at savings of up to 60%! Move ahead 5 spaces.

WOLF (5) Alaska boosts the bounty on wolves a full $5! Move ahead 7 spaces.

WOLF (6) Kitsch Gourmet Foods, the folks who brought you fried bumblebees and chocolate-covered ants, now proudly present creamed wolf meat (available at fine stores everywhere)! Move ahead 1 space.

WOLF (7) Motown Motors name their new four-on-the-floor fastback "The Silver Wolf," hyped with the grabber: "Answer the call of the wild in this sleek, snarling beauty!" Since this is another example of phasing out animals by attributing their qualities to machines, move ahead 5 spaces.

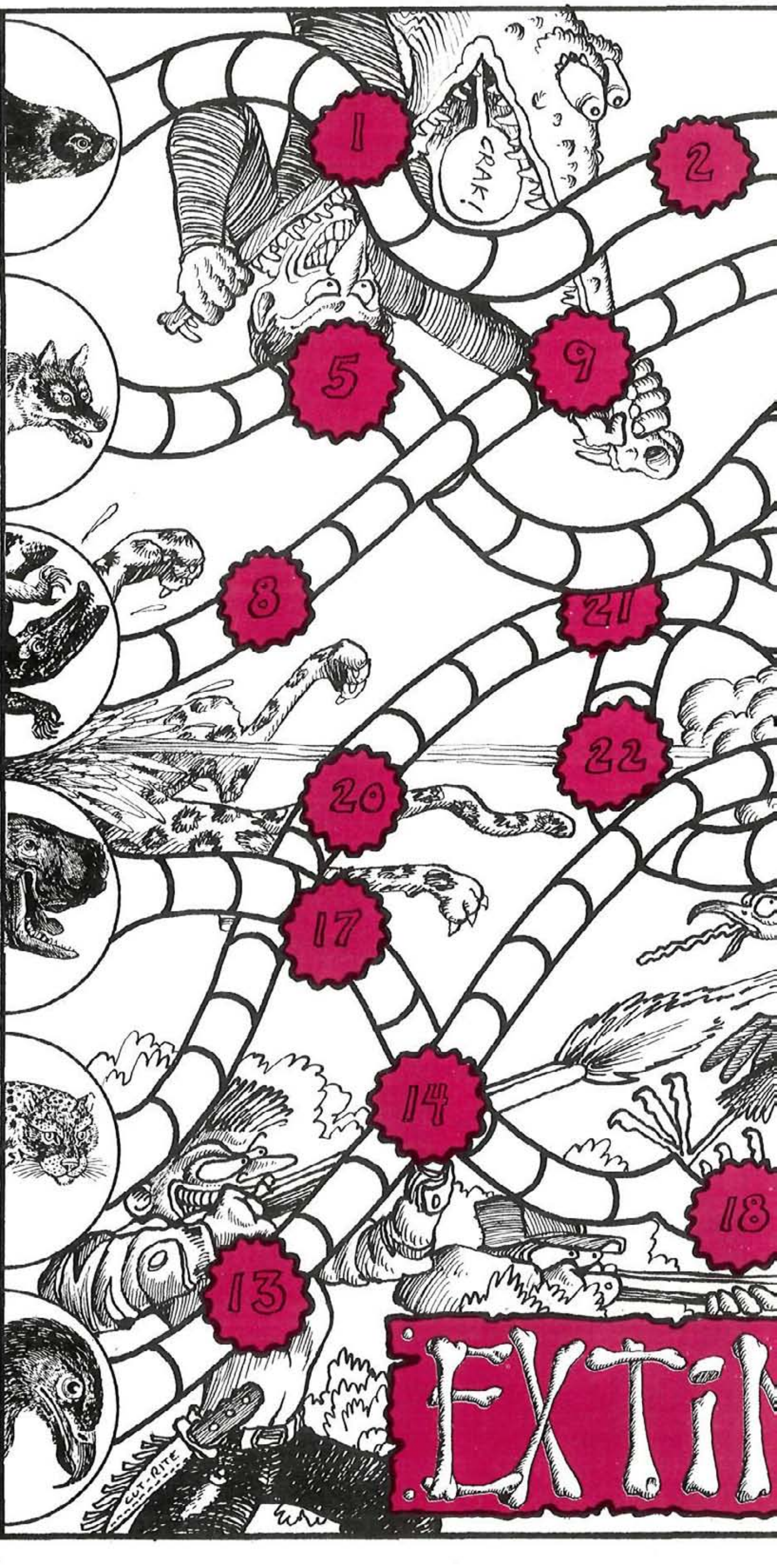
ALLIGATOR (8) "Chic Magazine" quotes a leading lesbian as saying, "Alligator tail bracelets are just too haute couture for words!" Move ahead 2 spaces.

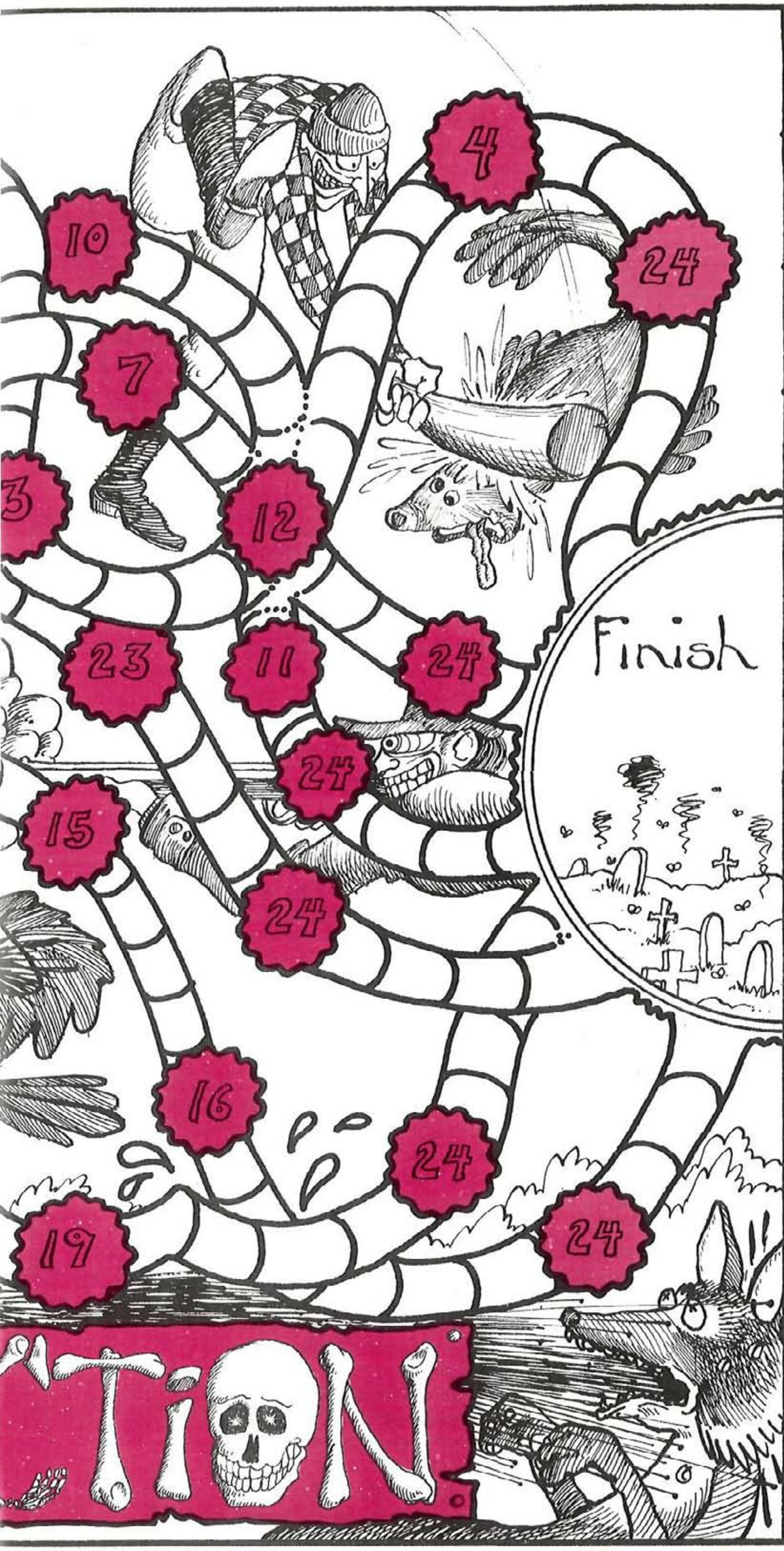
ALLIGATOR (9) Introducing Wake detergent, the washday wonder with thousands of tiny enzymes that kill dirt dead! They also kill the algae that make the oxygen which is breathed by the fish that are eaten by the alligators. It adds up to a lot of dead alligators! Move ahead 4 spaces.

ALLIGATOR (10) Powerful commercial interests override the protests of a few naturalists and construct an atomic power project in the middle of a swamp that was the last refuge for local wildlife! Of course, it's necessary to rid the area of those pesky and unsightly alligators! Move ahead 3 spaces.

ALLIGATOR (11) "The Gothamite," smart periodical of the rich and the beautiful, runs a blistering editorial condemning those who traffic in alligator accessories! They also run nine full-color advertisements purveying alligator shoes, alligator belts and alligator wallets! Move ahead 4 spaces.

SEAL, WOLF & ALLIGATOR (12) Explaining why he's a vegetarian, Mick Glitter, rock idol and high priest of hipness, simply states, "Killing animals is a bummer!" He then poses for photographers colorfully attired in a tie-dyed sealskin vest, zircon-studded alligator belt and panné velt cape trimmed in wolf tails! Move ahead 5 spaces.





EAGLE (13) Shunning space age modes, the warriors of eastern Minnesota's Bluefoot Indians still wear eagle feathers as symbols of courage and puberty! Although the Bluefoots themselves are near extinct, eagles get plucked again! Move ahead 1 space.

EAGLE (14) Powerful commercial interests override the protests of a few naturalists and construct a jet port in the middle of a bird sanctuary! Needless to say, it's necessary to defoliate the area in order to get rid of all those troublesome birds that might clog the engines! If any remain, a few sonic booms should serve to send them winging their way elsewhere! Move ahead 7 spaces.

EAGLE (15) Kitsch Gourmet Foods, the folks who brought you fried bumblebees, chocolate-covered ants and creamed wolf meat, now proudly present diced eagle's feet mariné (available at fine stores everywhere)! Move ahead 2 spaces.

EAGLE (16) Due to a series of underground nuclear tests which resulted, according to a Pentagon spokesman, in "no appreciable amount of increased radioactivity," the shells of eagle eggs won't harden and the young will never hatch! Move ahead 8 spaces.

WHALE (17) In a speech on conservation, the Governor of California remarks, "If you've seen one whale, you've seen them all!" Move ahead 4 spaces.

WHALE (18) In an offshore drilling operation, the Guilt-Edge Corporation, Inc. strikes oil! Unfortunately, the well sprouts a leak. Also, unfortunately, it's smack in the center of the Pacific Ocean's largest mating ground for whales! Move ahead 6 spaces.

WHALE (19) Congress swings into action, imposing a stiff $50 fine on all parties responsible for causing an oil slick! By a strange act of coincidence, the congressman spearheading the legislation is also a major stockholder in the Guilt-Edge Corporation, Inc.! Move ahead 8 spaces.

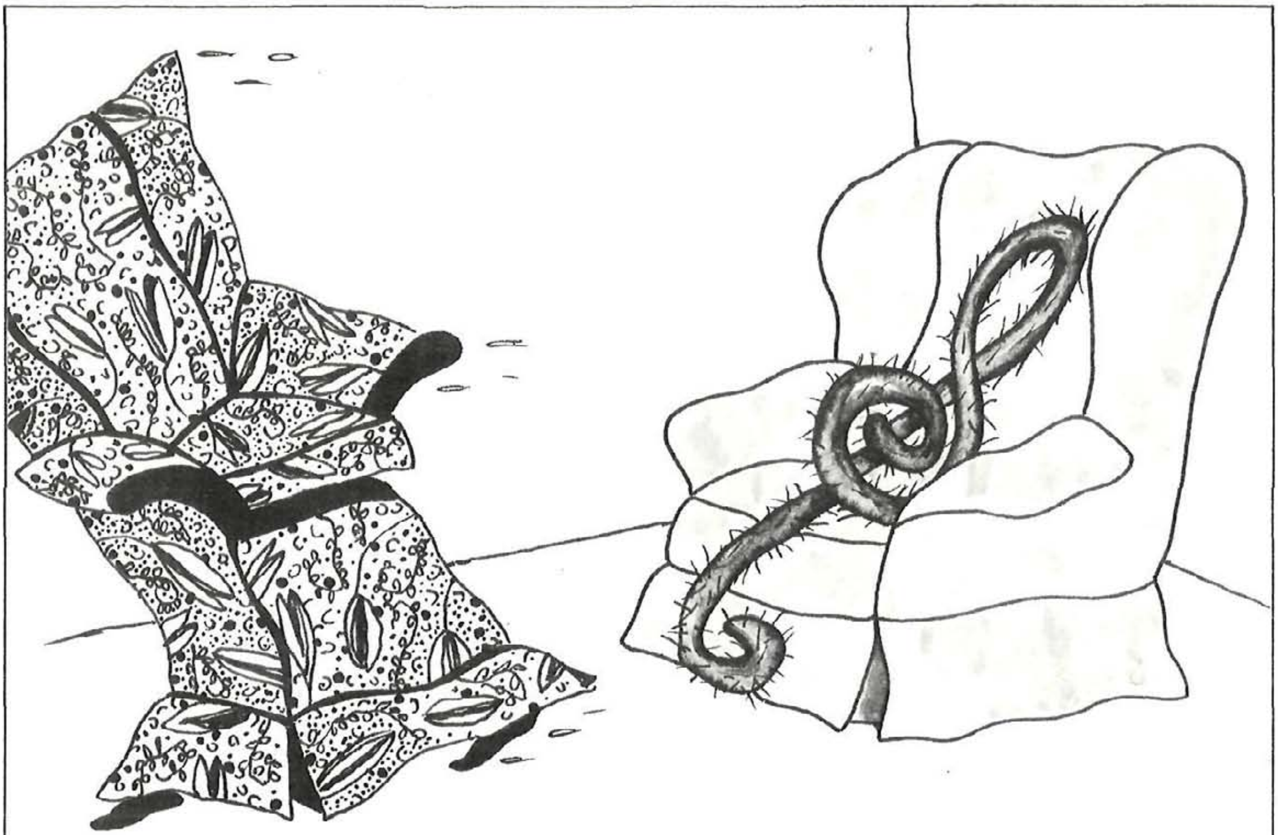
LEOPARD (20) Nomumu X, premier of an insurgent African nation, remarks in an off-the-record interview, "White man come in iron bird, kill spotted Simba with fire stick, pay me many dollars which I deposit in Swiss bank!" Move ahead 3 spaces.

LEOPARD (21) Grazella Bonatelli, glamorous Italian film star, orders a maxicoat of 11 matched leopard skins! When reminded that only an estimated 500 such leopards remain, she replies, flashing the engaging moue that has made her the heartthrob of millions, "Who cares!" Move ahead 6 spaces.

LEOPARD (22) The World Zookeepers Conference assures the public that "Zoos have a substantial number of male and female leopards!" Too bad they rarely breed in captivity! Move ahead 5 spaces.

LEOPARD (23) Mr. Norris N. Spenser, a dental technician from Bethesda, Md., and his wife, Louise, finally go on that "7 glorious days" African safari that they've scrimped 23 years for! With all the courtesies their travel agency can provide, Norris succeeds in bagging a half-drugged leopard who will soon grace the floor of their pine-paneled rec room! Move ahead 4 spaces.

SEAL, WOLF, ALLIGATOR, EAGLE, WHALE & LEOPARD (24) Louie Toons and Murray Melodies, beloved cartoonists, open Jungleland, featuring animal automatons, many with over 3,000 moving parts! For a scant $1.50, you can see Lucy Leopard, Wally Whale, Winthrop Wolf, Alice Alligator, Ernie Eagle and Cecil Seal! Since this plastic menagerie obscures the fact that real animals are in peril, move ahead 2 spaces.



The Sound of Musak

by Peter Schickele

Somewhere a while back I read about some study which showed that 95% of the people who worked in banks and supermarkets, etc., really do work better under the influence of Muzak or some other kind of musical wallpaper,

The head of a large business management firm was trying to give an

but that the 5% who don't work better can hardly work at all.

inebriated client some advice on the subject of drinking.

I'm hopelessly part of the minority; if there's music playing, I have

"What you ought to do," said the first man, "is set an amount of liquor

this tendency to listen to it. Doesn't make any difference what kind of

as a limit and then stick to it."

music it is. Once, when I was shopping at the Hollywood Ranch Market at

"I have set a limit," replied the client, "but the trouble is — I al-

2 in the morning, I became aware that people around me were giving me

ways get drunk before I reach it!"

wondering looks; I had been standing in front of the corn flakes for about 10 minutes without moving a muscle. I get fascinated with Muzak because it's so perfect; sometimes you can listen for hours without hearing the slightest inkling of error or even exertion. Many faithful Roman Catholics have to make an effort to convince themselves about the Pope, but the infallibility of Muzak is self-evident.

Now, I like a good jukebox in a bar or greasy spoon as well as the next

Worried husband: "Doc, my wife thinks she's a chicken."

man, and not too soft, either; it's distracting, but it's an exhilarating

Psychiatrist: "Have you tried to convince her that she isn't?"

kind of distraction. The difference between a jukebox and Muzak is that

Worried husband: "No."

the former tries to please, whereas the latter tries not to offend. I

Psychiatrist: "Why not?"

would much rather hear something I don't like on a jukebox, knowing that

Worried husband: "Heck, doc, we can use the eggs!"
somebody else picked because *they* like it, than hear something I don't like on Muzak (i.e., anything), knowing that nobody picked it but they don't mind it one way or the other.

Actually, I love Muzak — I mean, I can't hardly *believe* it, so I have to listen to it, which is why I'm such a failure in the eyes of the people who produce it. It's not because of my criticisms of their music; on the contrary, the things I put down about Muzak are precisely the things that they're proud of. I'm a dinosaur, man, and they're into 1984 already!

At a golf club, a member was boasting about his strength, when a puny
"With music, we can influence body, mind and emotion . . . the conscious and
fellow member bet $50 that he could wheel a load in a wheelbarrow from the
subconscious.
clubhouse to the street which the athlete couldn't wheel back.

"... we can change your heartbeat

"You're on," said the boaster. A wheelbarrow was brought up to the

"... affect your metabolism and respiration

clubhouse.

"... increase or decrease energy and alertness

"All right," said the little guy, "get in."

"... make you feel relaxed or excited.

"Since our purpose is not to entertain, we do not employ the music of radio or record. Ordinary music is specifically designed to entertain and therefore is a planned distraction. It requires active listening and emotional involvement.

"Muzak arranges and records its own special type of non-distracting musical stimulus. It is heard, but not listened to. . . . The distracting or
Some people are of the opinion that love is blind, others believe that
irritating devices of ordinary entertainment music are avoided."
the home is an institution . . . therefore, marriage must be an institution.
See, that's the trouble: Muzak is used to alleviate anxiety and even pain
for the blind!
(hospital labor rooms), to foil wire-tappers (Pentagon secret
On the other hand, the chief effect of love is to drive a man half-
conference rooms), to soothe man and beast (reptile house at the Bronx
crazy; the main effect of marriage is to finish the job!
Zoo) and to reduce inefficiency, absenteeism and turnover in offices all over the place, but the ONE THING it's not supposed to make you want to do is LISTEN to it, and that's what I do, I listen to it. I can't help myself, Father, I just have to listen to it — like that tune they're playing now — that was popular when I was in sixth grade! "Give me five minutes more, only five minutes more, da da dum, da dee da . . ."
Fran: "I warn you, I'm petting against my doctor's orders."

"Calm yourself, my son, there's no music being played; I'm afraid it's
Stan: "Golly, are you really sick?"
all in your mind. I know we had Muzak in the confessional booths last
Fran: "No, but the doctor is my boy friend!"
year, but we had it taken out on account of the cost . . . or did we? . . . Come to think of it, I'm not so sure we did. . . ."

But, Father, can't you hear it? It's been playing for the last 10 minutes!

"No, my son, I don't hear anything, but that doesn't mean it isn't there. It's just that . . . well, no one in his right mind *hears* Muzak. It's more like . . . like being in a state of Grace. I think that you are more sick than sinning, my son, and I strongly urge you to seek the help of
Doc: "Why is it, Mr. Plump, that you can't follow my prescription and
a qualified psychiatrist to guide you back to normalcy. Now you must go.
drink a glass of warm milk before going to bed?"
I'm sorry I can't give you more of my time, but I have a great many things
Pat: "Well, I toss a lot in my sleep, doc, and all that tossing makes
to attend to, and I seem to be feeling very efficient."
the milk turns to cheese. Then the cheese turns to butter, the butter turns to fat, the fat turns to sugar, the sugar turns to alcohol, and I wake up with a heck of a hangover!"

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL RICH

Encyclopaedia Americola

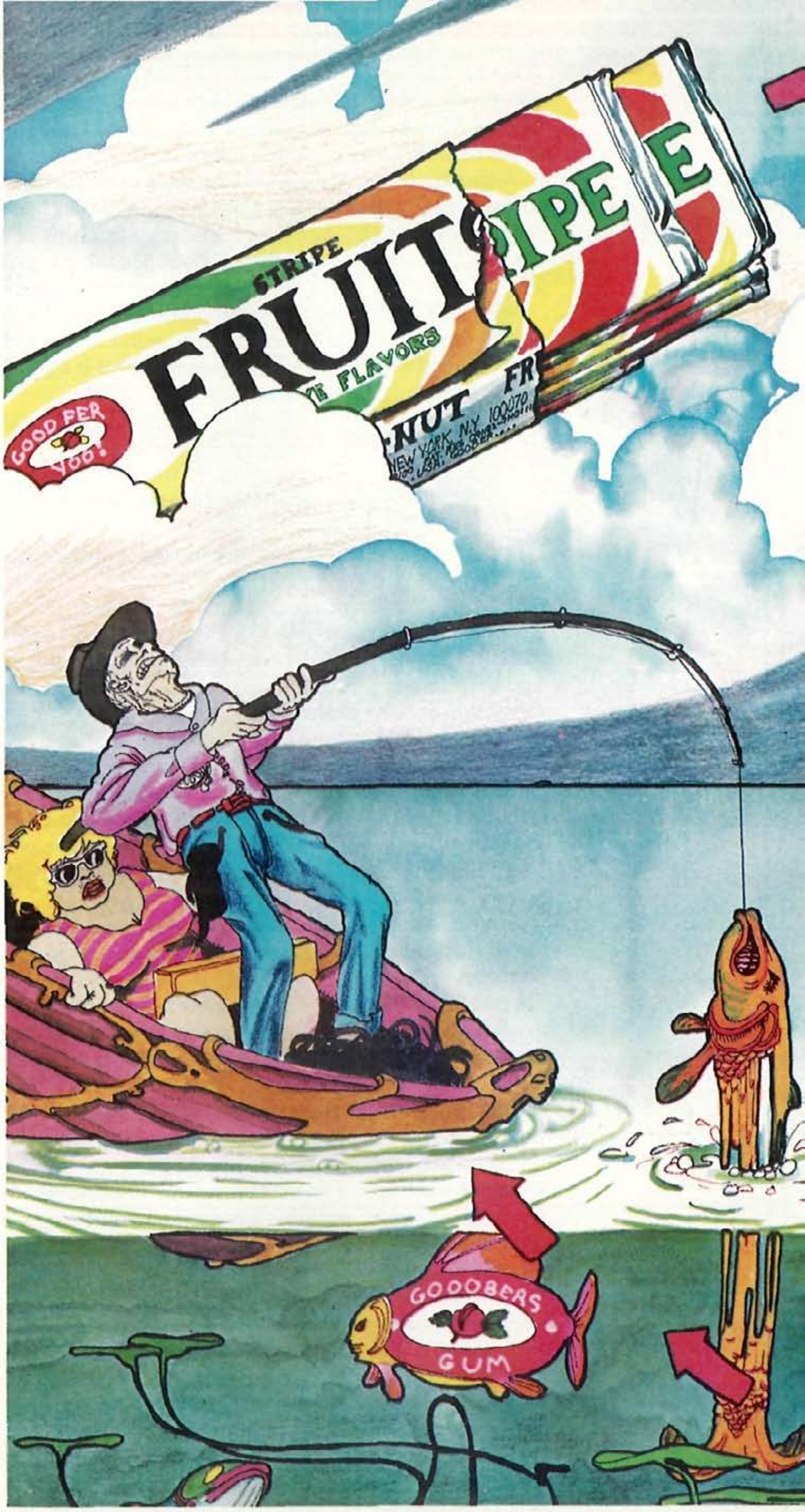
Chapter IV

The Fruit Gum Cycle

Now that we've studied evolution and found out why animals are so stupid and can't speak French or tell a divisor from a subtrahend or anything, let's see how these furry little dead-enders adapt themselves to changing conditions. What causes changing conditions? Well, there's been a lot of loose talk lately about how the Earth is being threatened by smoke, slime, DDT, oil and other things, but the fact of the matter is that this all adds up to a change in the environment, and there have been lots of those over the years. Some pretty important-looking animals have cashed in their chips along the way, including dinosaurs, because they couldn't make the grade when the going got tough. No one puts the humble tree shrew on the spot or pickets its natural habitat for beating out those bruisers, and yet that's the way it happened.

Actually, so-called pollution has been around for a couple of billion years. At one time, scientists believe, the Earth's atmosphere was full of carbon dioxide – produced by giant volcanoes, nature's own factories – and a lot of worse things which can still be found in the atmospheres of other planets where no man has ever been. The salt in the ocean didn't get there from being tossed over any shoulders, either, and oil itself is produced naturally in underground "refineries" out of dead trees and fossils. In fact, when someone gets fired up over a little oil on a beach, what he's really complaining about is just so much driftwood and seashells!

Oddly enough, it is relatively harmless substances that really keep animals on their toes, things like ice or, in the case of this hypothetical illustration of possible environmental adjustment, chewing gum. As anyone knows, a lot of the sticky, chemically stable stuff gets consumed, but very little gets swallowed. Long after an old chair has turned into a toothsome treat for one of nature's many garbagemen, the wads of gum it carried remain unchanged. The colorful foil wrapper itself has a half-life of 400 million years. And so, scientists theorize, the time may come when animal life will have to adjust again. □



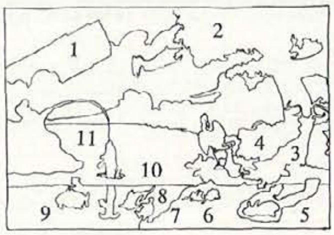
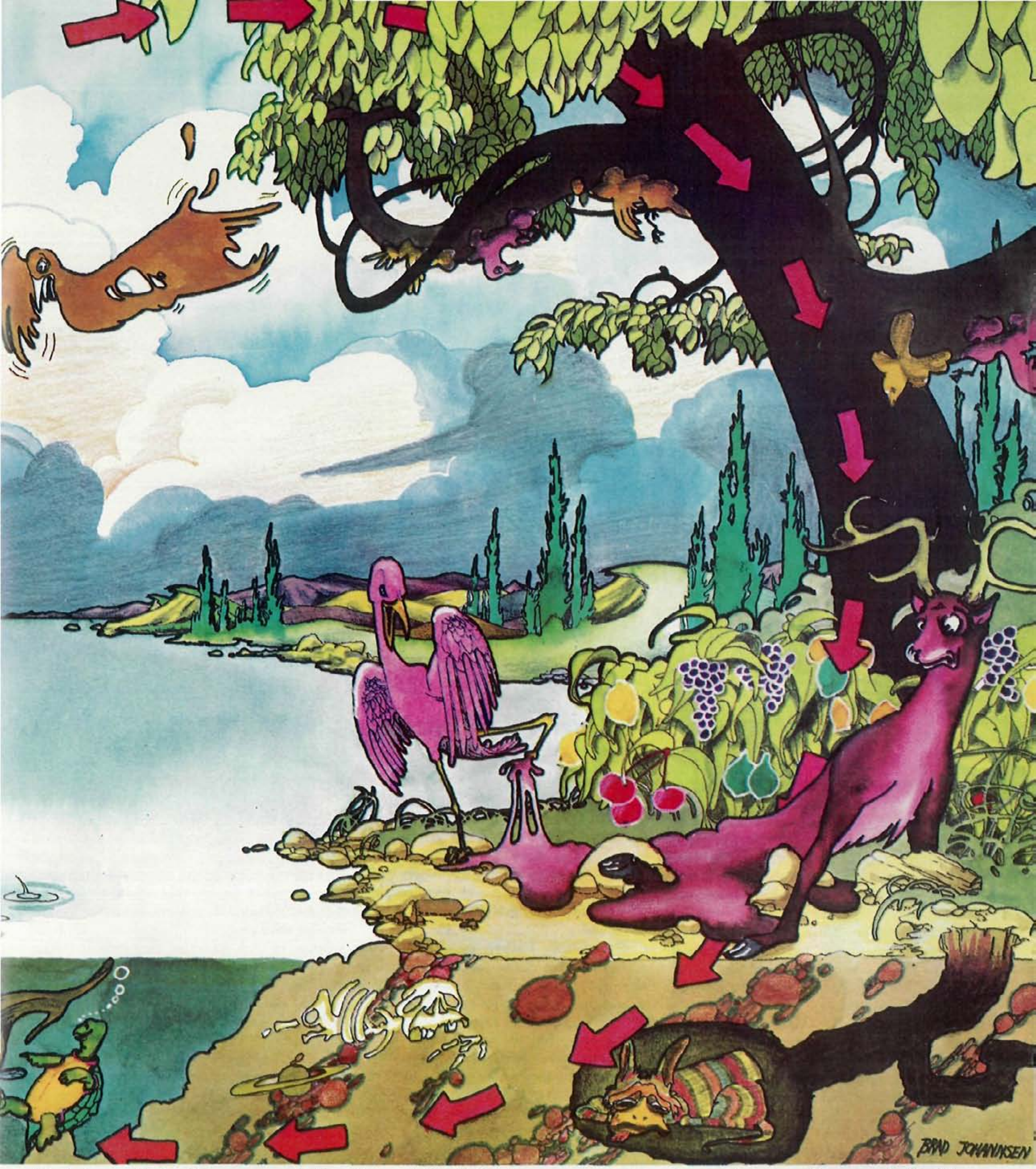
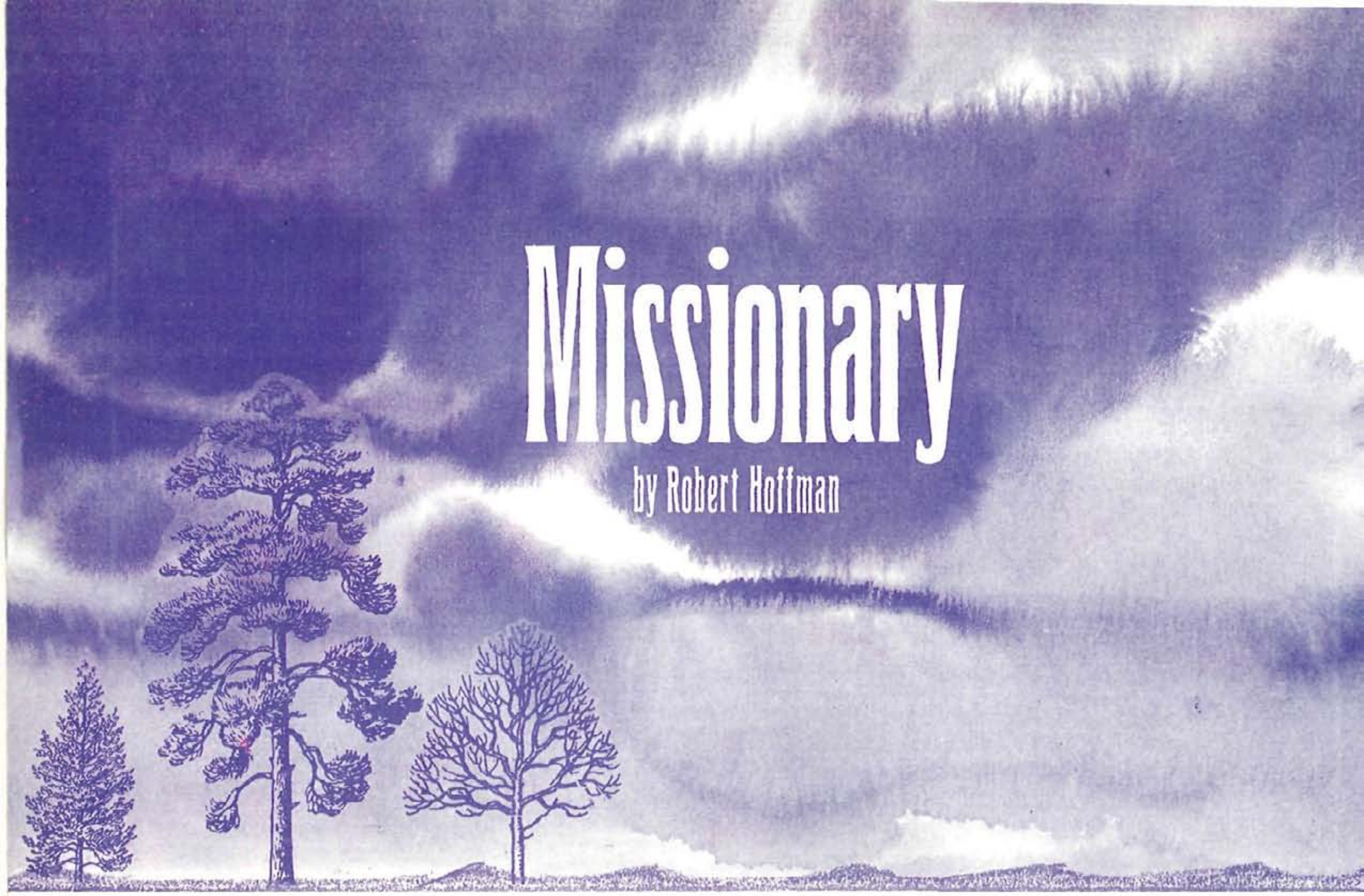


ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD JOHANNSEN



Fruit-flavored chewing gum symbolically enters the cycle in the air through deflated gum bubbles, discarded wrappers and only partially consumed wads (1). It then settles in the vegetation (2), where it is ingested by various species (3), producing a basic change in their body chemistries and the structure of the local vegetation they depend on for food (4). The prevalence of the distinctive wrapper makes it advantageous for nocturnal creatures like the groundhog (5) to mimic the telltale stripe pattern to avoid detection by predators. The skeleton (6) indicates a species that failed to adapt, perhaps from having chosen a less popular brand for its protective coloring. Eventually reaching the water by seepage through the soil bed (7), the gum is ingested by aquatic life (8). Here again, natural adaptation takes place, with one species (9) making a strong bid for preservation. [Chances are the light-headed turtle (10) will be laughing out of the other side of his mouth in a few million years!] The cycle is complete when the fish (11) is caught and reintroduced into the gum chain.



Missionary

by Robert Hoffman

One Man's Meat is the White Man's Burden

Father Jarvis McPherson blinked twice through the viewport at the creatures. Inside the time car, he was sweating half from excitement and half from the damp, thick air that filled the cramped vehicle. He wiped a film of moisture from his glasses with the sleeve of his cassock and replaced them at the end of his nose. He looked a second time. *Arched forehead, rounded brain case, narrow, almost delicate facial configuration.* Father Jarvis ticked off the characteristics to himself. There could be no mistake. *Australopithecus,* circa 1,500,000 B.C. The anthropological data had been remarkably accurate, save, perhaps, that these creatures had rather less body hair than did their somewhat romanticized reconstructions.

"More than one and a half million years," Father Jarvis sang. "One and a half million years! *Deo gratias!*" He permitted himself a third and longer inspection of the hominids.

The creatures themselves took little notice of the ungainly, dumbbell-shaped object that had been standing on the nearby hillock since before dawn. Glittering silver against the dry reds and browns of the East African savanna, the squat, three-legged craft was by now less interesting than the small hyrex they were busily dividing and devouring.

The priest watched intently with the same fixed stare that had once unsettled small children and kept parishioners squirming in their wooden pews. Father Jarvis's irises gave the impression of being made from some odd, blue ceramic. "The eyes of a fanatic," a deacon once observed.

Of course, Father Jarvis had been relieved of his duties many years ago by the bishop, the official reason being "an excess of zeal" in the spreading of the Divine Word. What this zeal actually entailed was, for the good name of the Mother Church, kept secret both by the diocese and the local constabulary.

While Father Jarvis was watching, one of the larger males (there were about two dozen of the creatures altogether) briefly met and held that piercing glance, but the hominid's eyes were only a vague brown, a translucent amber that seemed to pass through and beyond Father Jarvis and his metallic vehicle. Expressionless, the creature turned back to his meal.

Father Jarvis uncapped and read the air gauges that recorded the various properties of atmosphere, and found this one agreeably similar to that in the 21st century. Perhaps a bit less oxygen and a touch more nitrogen, but essentially the same and quite breathable.

He worked more quickly now, confident that soon his Task would be at hand. He mused upon the expression on Bishop Woolsey's face when he returned with the news of the unprecedented conversions in these vineyards. He relished that thought. Reporters would bombard him with requests for interviews. (Naturally, he'd refuse the *Daily Mail.*) The public would *demand* his reinstatement.

He studied the calibrated tubes along the compact inner bulkheads and thought of the agonizing preparation he had made for this journey: the years of planning, the months of stealth, the weeks spent secretly memorizing the stolen volumes of complex technical works necessary to the operation of the only existing time car. *A lesser mind and spirit would have given up,* he thought, *or broken.*

And the acquiring of the machine itself. Father Jarvis's body tensed as he suddenly remembered the Panfederalist guard lying in a grotesque spread-eagle on the Timeport's concrete floor. Dead, possibly? No, probably. *"Mea culpa, mea culpa,"* he whispered hoarsely, *"mea maxima culpa. . . ."* He struck his breast four times to emphasize his contrition. If pressed, however, Father Jarvis would

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL SKURSKI



admit that he could have readily done it again. And again, despite the guard's gagging scream. Father Jarvis was feeble neither in spirit nor in body, a fact to which any number of rueful parish girls might attest.

He completed his meticulous fiddlings and tripped three release levers. The hatches sprung open with a soft *pop*, and, gathering to himself two orange nylene pouches, he made his descent to the soft, red earth.

Instantly, the hominids sprang from their haunches and loped off to a distant clump of protective trees. That was to be expected, of course. One could not have been a missionary for 17 years of one's priesthood and not expect a wog trick or two. The task would require patience, and that was something of which Father Jarvis had a good deal. He had once hidden in the sacristy 11 nights in a row in order to catch one of the altar boys in the midst of an impure act. Red-handed, so to speak. The fact that Father Jarvis had observed that same act repeated 11 times before making his presence known attested to his remarkable tenacity and passion for fairness.

The clump of trees was only 200 yards away. Father Jarvis squinted at the group in the hot afternoon sun and began to walk slowly toward them across the plain their descendants would one day call Olduvai.

They watched his approach with some apprehension, their animated chitterings quite audible in the still, dry air. About 50 yards short of the grove, he stopped and sat down. With a theatricality bred of many such similar situations a million and a half years hence, he began to make a great show of the two brightly colored pouches, opening and closing them, removing their beguiling contents and hiding them away again.

It was almost two hours before siren curiosity triumphed over brute fear. They approached in ones and twos, feigning an elaborate casualness that brought a knowing smile to old lips. He had seen the same ritual a hundred times in Free Guinea, Brazil, New Ceylon . . . everywhere. *Suffer the little beggars to come to me,* he chuckled to himself. *What a splash I'll make baptizing the lot of these devils when I get them back home. Perhaps they'll broadcast it on the videophones. . . .*

He persisted in his methodical shuffling and reshuffling of sticks, rocks and other sundry objects until the entire tribe had ventured within 20 feet. He counted them: 10 males, eight females, six young. The largest was no more than 4½ feet tall. *About my weight, though,* thought Father Jarvis, *rather more muscular than those anthropologists guessed.*

With studied aplomb, he removed his spectacles for a polish, replaced them, rubbed the tip of his nose and carefully assayed his audience. They stared back with growing fascination. *Good,* he thought. Slowly, he withdrew a dead rabbit from a pouch and held it up for their inspection.

"Very tasty, eh, my naked lovelies?" he laughed as every eye riveted on the swinging carcass. "Now, watch closely."

Laying down the animal, he picked up a long flint and a lump of granite and, pausing for effect, began to chip away at the flint, quite expertly. Of course, they might know something about crude tools, clubs and the like, but this obvious technological know-how would be sure to bowl them over. He finished the flint knife and, hefting it in his right hand, grasped the rabbit and skinned, cleaned and quartered it to the amazed grunts of his rapt pupils. He then piled up the dry sticks, ran the dressed meat through a green stick suspended in the crotches of two Y-shaped branches, picked up the flint and struck sparks into the waiting tinder. Flames licked the air, the crowd gasped, visibly impressed.

"Fire, my pretties, I give you fire!"

The hominids started to their feet, but none ran. Instead, they watched with quiet interest, the yellow flames reflecting oddly in their mild eyes. Father Jarvis removed the charred bits and tossed them to the delighted creatures who smacked their lips with reports of no little enthusiasm. *They're in the crease of my hand,* Father Jarvis mused, *moist clay yearning to be given form.*

"You likee, brainless beauties? Want more, eh?" Gingerly he fished a plastic crucifix from the other pouch and held it over their blunted heads. "First, my greedies, *look!* Know that I have been called to show you yet a greater pow —"

Father Jarvis, unfortunately, was unable to complete this announcement, for the largest male sprang for the fallen knife and, with laudable expertise for a novice, quickly and neatly slit Father Jarvis's throat from earlobe to earlobe. As the others joined in, it was not long before the luckless cleric was crackling and popping like a Yule log over a somewhat larger fire.

When the feast was finally over late that evening, the bloated merrymakers curled up in tight knots of arms and legs beneath the sheltering branches, contented in their tums and, if one might venture to translate their more private thoughts, rather pleased with their first introduction to formal education. □



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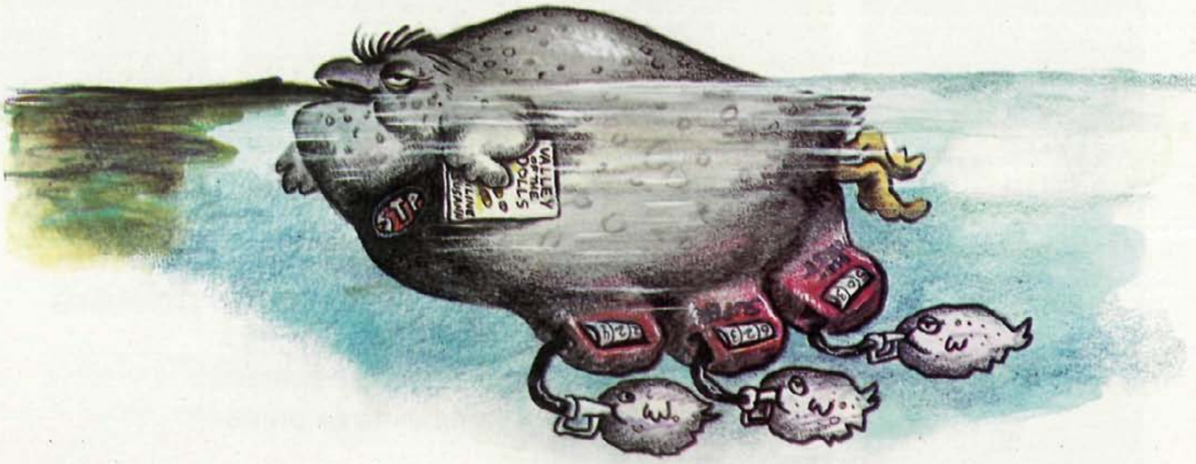
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Contaminated Critters

Everywhere you turn nowadays, some flamingo-loving sob sisters are claiming that civilization is ruining the natural habitat of some so-called "endangered" species. What these bleeding hearts forget is that evolution works both ways. *For example, here are a few of the attractive, versatile creatures who have had the evolutionary foresight to fall into step with Man's March of Progress.*



The **Santa Barbara Muckraker** is rapidly becoming a familiar sight to goo-covered bathers at many public beaches. Breeding throughout the annual tanker-leakage season (December-January), the slow-moving but well-dispositioned Muckraker gorges itself on free-floating petroleum. Through an ingenious series of stomachs and organic refineries, the aquatic Muckraker can "crack" the black gold into its various dubious components, with which it suckles its young. (The largest specimen sighted to date claims 35 miles to the gallon.) Increasing in numbers daily around the gunked-up California coastline, the Muckraker is a friend to man, despite the beast's tendency to read trashy novels and vote for Nelson Rockefeller.



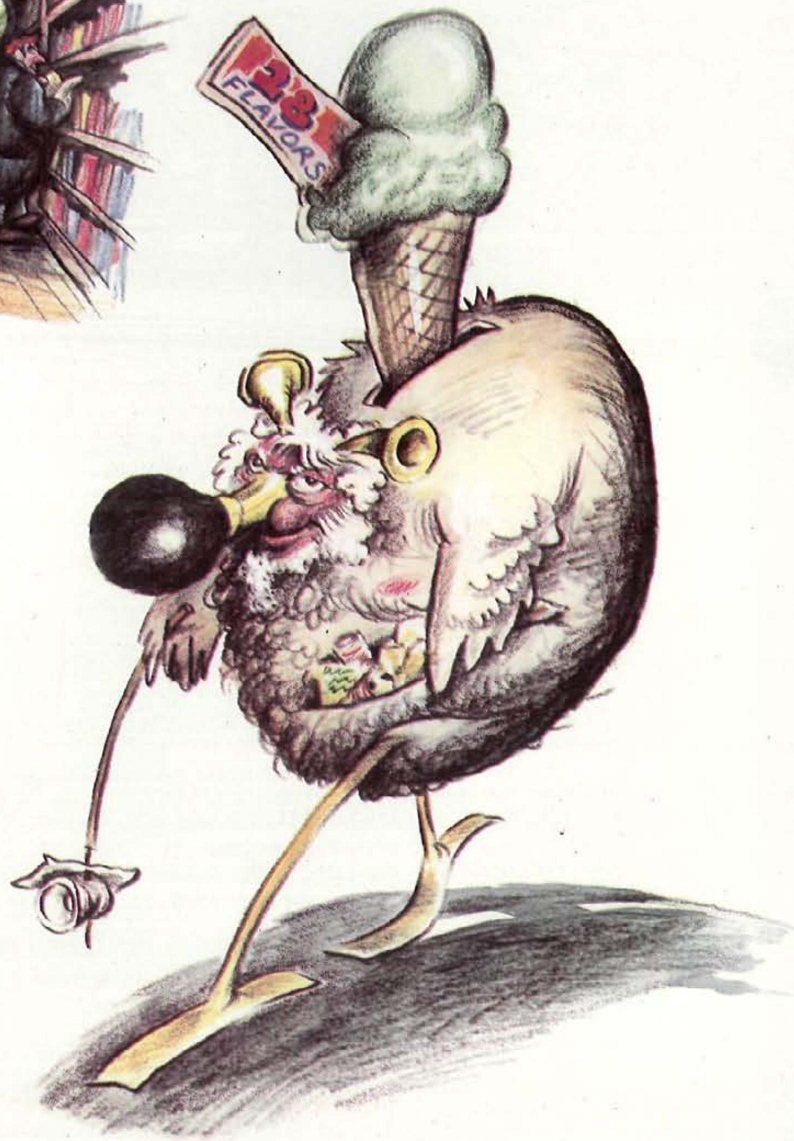
The **Lesser Smudge,** or **"Gack"** as it is more commonly known, was long overlooked by zoologists because of its striking resemblance to such atmospheric goops as fog, smog, smoke, smaze and peaaug. Semi-permeable and lighter-than-air, the Gack is attracted to the heat of blast furnaces, smelters and odoriferous smokestacks, and tends to nest for weeks at a time over a favorite pollution zone. The Gack is playful and harmless to man (save for an occasional tendency to throw up on parades) and normally exists in a state of complete torpor. A number of Gackophiles have theorized that the torpor is actually death, an explanation that would account for the Gack's marked tendency to exude unspeakable odors.

Using natural camouflage to good advantage along America's highways, the **Board-Billed Hoopla** can "fool" an unwary motorist with ease. Traveling only under the cover of night, the Hoopla subsists on a Spartan diet of economy cars and oh-so-clever motorcycle patrolmen (preferably rookies) who habitually attempt to hide behind it. One of nature's most successful mimics, the Hoopla can be detected only by its characteristic limp and inability to spell.





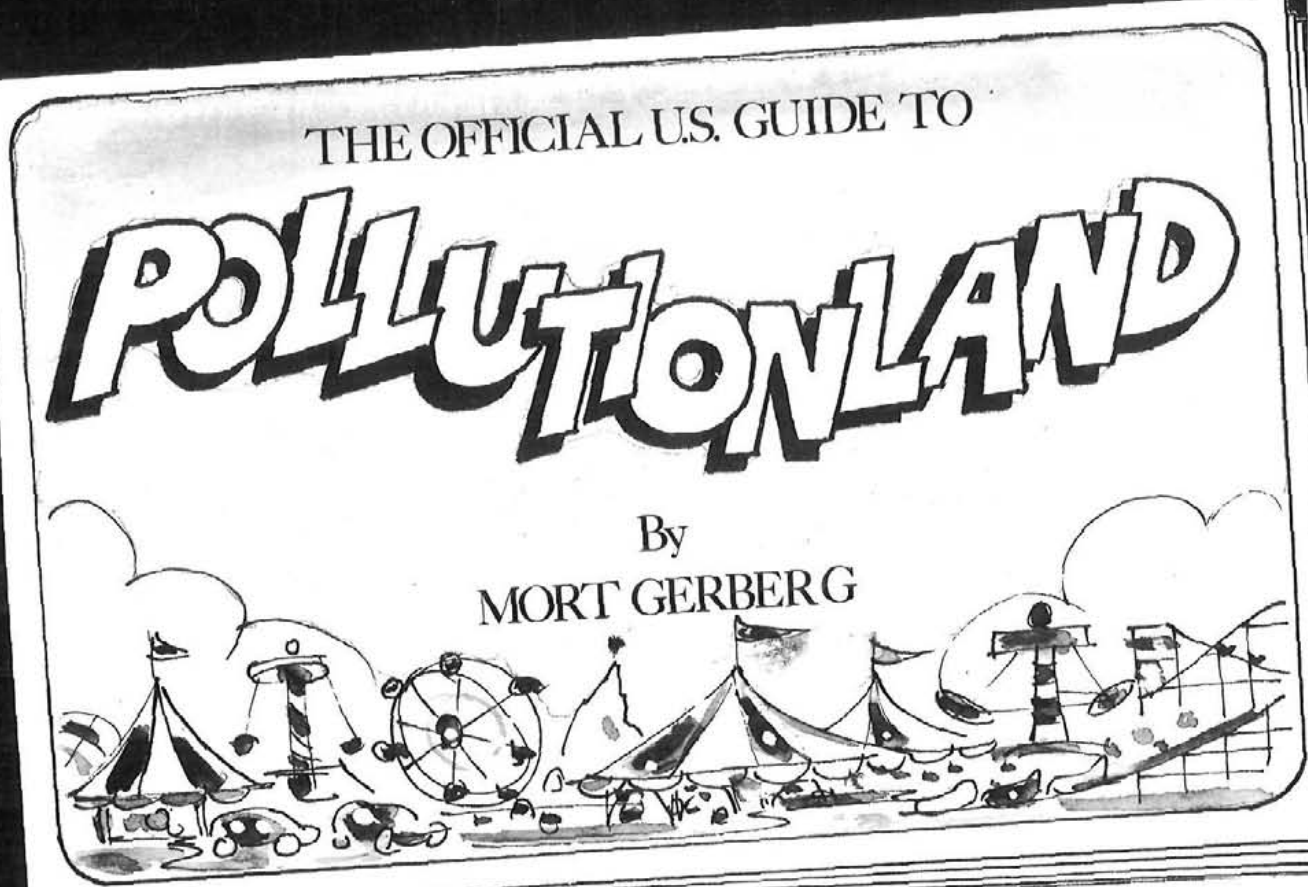
Commonly observed near large concentrations of adult reading matter, the **Foul-Mouthed Pornovore's** familiar cry of "hotdamn-hotdamn" can be heard in every populated area. Once shy and secretive, this colorful creature has become increasingly aggressive since the Supreme Court's *Fanny Hill* ruling, and several of its number will now occasionally band together to hijack trucks leaving the warehouses of Bernard Geis. Dietary preferences range from Robbins to Roth, although the Pornovore has difficulty digesting some of the latter's big words.



The scene of mass murder for many less agile animals, the highway center line poses no threat to the **Horn-Billed Riff-Raff,** a flightless bird fond of trash, litter and selected garbage. Collecting the spew of picnickers and other omnivorous beasts, the Riff-Raff hoards the litter in special vest pouches until it can reach some nearby Howard Johnson, where the rubbage is exchanged for large quantities of Ho-Jo Cola, the Riff-Raff's dietary staple. What the symbiotic restaurant does with the garbage has not yet been discovered, but the Riff-Raff itself makes no secret of its habits, often reproducing several times a year to offset the specie's extreme vulnerability to fatal indigestion. □

ILLUSTRATION BY RICK MEYEROWITZ

Excerpts from...



A Welcome From

President Nixon:



Welcome to Pollutionland. May this visit be a happy and memorable one for you and your family. As you know, pollution is one of the newest, most stimulating aspects of our way of life . . . on land, on sea and in the air.

We Americans are among the world leaders in advancing this new form of civilization and are proud of the opportunity to exhibit it to you.

You'll find Pollutionland a wonderful place that combines adventure and learning with every kind of fun and recreation for everyone.

Pollutionland is dedicated to the dreams and the hard facts which created America. We hope that it will be a source of joy and inspiration to all the world.

The President of the United States

AIR-O-RAIL

A charming adventure ride through picturesque replicas of famous American Air Pollution, including: Los Angeles Smog, New York City Inversion Layer, Charleston Chemical Clouds, East Chicago Industrial Pall. See true life flaming smokestacks as power plants, mills and factories puff out real sulphur dioxides, fluorides and other hilarious fumes. Watch the cute ashes and specks of carbon and metal oxides whirl merrily into your lap. Breathtakingly authentic, each of the 14 different settings features its own distinctive aroma.



GARBAGE BASKETBALL

A game of skill and fun for the whole family. Toss a bag of fresh garbage at a trash can that is already stuffed full. Three soggy, bursting bags for a quarter.



MIDTOWN MOTOR RACE

Most popular ride in Pollutionland. Sit in a real gasoline-powered automobile in the middle of a midtown traffic jam and race the motor. Electrifying thrills to see which driver can produce the most smoke. All cars are equipped with faulty exhaust systems to guarantee results. Arena is glass-enclosed to seal in the smog. A safe attraction for unaccompanied youngsters since cars never move.

LAKE MICHIGAN DUMP-IN

From an authentic refuse barge along the Chicago shores, join U.S. Steel and other leading industries and municipalities in a jolly, high-spirited dump-in. Free supplies on board of crude oil, phosphates, acids, steel mill scalings, pulp paper dregs, sewage, sludge, detergents and other popular pollutants. Throw overboard whatever you prefer and you're sure to roar with laughter at the results.



TRASH MOUNTA

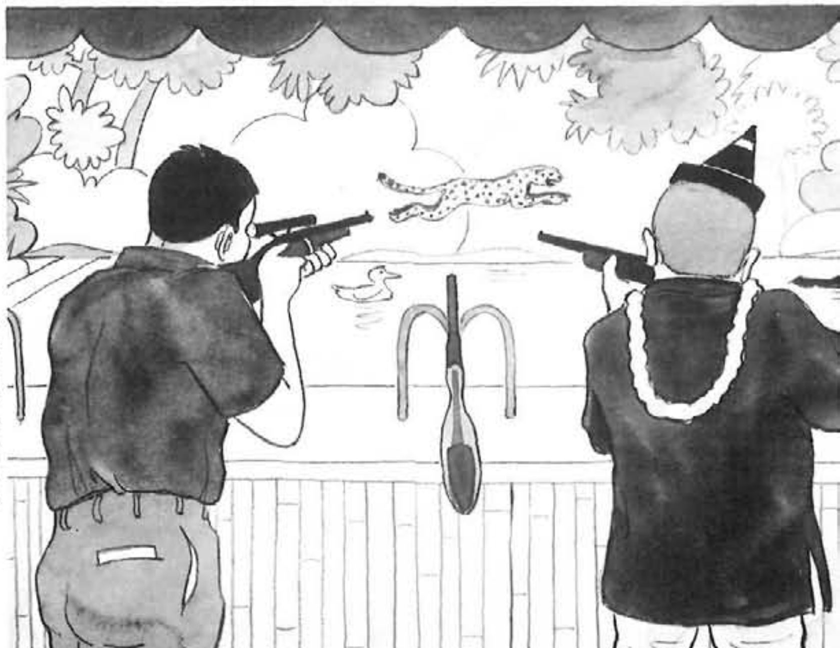
Youngsters climb on
ering Trash Mountain,
of the man-made ma
in Nature's Wonderl
Children of all ages lo
play on the fascina
piles of junk, chock
of a thousand surpr
Poorer guests may go
real scavenger hunts
items they actually n

RESPIRATION SIDE SHOW

Colorful song and dance troupe, composed of actual asthma, bronchitis and emphysema patients, entertains Pollutionland guests twice daily in the Pulmonary Pavilion. Cheer their side splitting antics as they cough and wheeze through *A Foggy Day* and *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes.* Guests often show their appreciation by tossing packages of cigarettes to the plucky performers.

WILDLIFE SHOOTING GALLERY

The Wildlife Shooting Gallery offers marksmen a marvelous opportunity to safely stalk and kill real animals with high-powered rifles. Choose your own scurrying favorites from among alligators, seals, otters, white herons, bald eagles, jaguars, polar bears and dozens of other species that are becoming so hard to find these days. Ten shots for a quarter.





SONIC BOOMARIDE

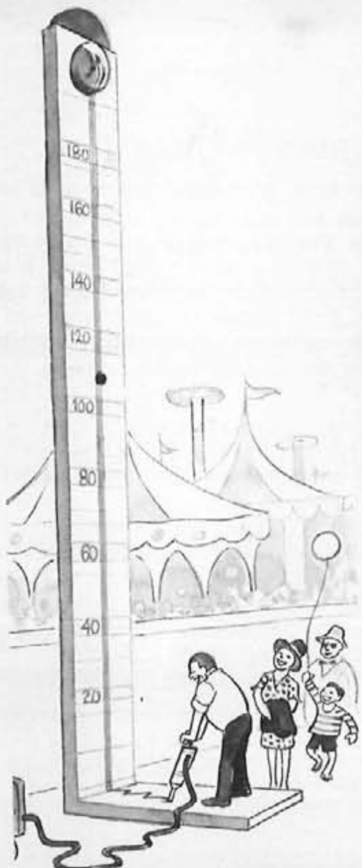
An exhilarating jet flight in which you are the pilot, steering your own sonic boom across the country. Uproarious fun. Shatter windows in greenhouses and hospitals, stampede cattle, stun small, hapless animals, shake little children, loosen screws. Dial your own targets.

AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD

Visit this colorful, historic monument to the machines that most effectively defile our countryside. Take photographs of the rusting Studebakers, La Salles, Buicks, Corvairs, et al. If you feel like it, abandon your own car here.

DIN HOUSE

The Din House is a hilarious, rollicking adventure through our spectacular world of sound. Fifty-seven endearing noises reverberate simultaneously and stereophonically, *from real sources,* to produce a new dimension in acoustic entertainment. You'll scream with delight at the sound of such engaging "standards" as garbage truck whine, police siren shriek, automobile horn blare, motorcycle roar, pneumatic drill, construction blast, telephone ring, jet plane boom, power saw howl, rock 'n' roll screech and many other popular favorites. Volume controls at each exhibit enhance your listening pleasure.



JACK HAMMER

Test your ear strength. The longer you can hammer, the higher you score on your PDL (Personal Decibel Level). Find out how much continuous deafening noise you can take above the safe 80-decibel mark. Hit the top and you ring the brass eardrum.



RUIN RIVER RIDE

A delightful explorer boat cruise down mysterious American rivers and lakes. Adventure lurks at every bend in the winding waterways. There's the colorful Passaic of New Jersey with its saucy municipal sewage; the swirling rapids of the Rouge in Detroit, bubbling with industrial wastes, beautiful in fantastic hues of brown, orange and yellow; Florida's magical Lake Apopka, slowly transforming itself, right before your eyes, into a marsh. See the comical carp that learned to live on the poison in enchanting Lake Erie, where to fall overboard risks almost instant decay.

SUBWAY SQUASH

A riotous, laugh-filled adventure in which people crush and squeeze their way into an overcrowded New York City subway car. Prizes awarded daily for "most in a car at a single time." Many hilarious surprises include ventilation failure, hysterical yelling, garlic fumes, claustrophobia and encounters with molesters, pickpockets, exhibitionists and other amusing characters.



BIRTH DE-CONTROL BOOTH

Information center provides fascinating hints on how to increase the size of your family and keep world overpopulation exploding. Mature adults only.

BRIBE THE INSPECTOR

Place $10 in the hand of this robot air-pollution inspector and giggle as he overlooks your violation. You automatically receive a print-out of his false report stating that your offending incinerator has been fixed.



POLLUTIONLAND BANDWAGON

Hop aboard and enjoy the pleasure of riding along and taking a stand on a popular attraction. Join famous politicians in singing out patriotic tunes of cleanliness. Hum soul-stirring music to save the environment by. See and be seen by everybody. The Bandwagon parades around Pollutionland continuously. Jump on free at any point.

FOOD AND REFRESHMENT STANDS

Food and refreshment stands are located throughout Pollutionland and offer such well-known favorites as milk with DDT, sodas with cyclamates, all-fat frankfurters, tie-dyed ice cream, chemical hamburgers and sooty sandwiches, all popularly overpriced and served in no-deposit, no-return, indestructible containers.

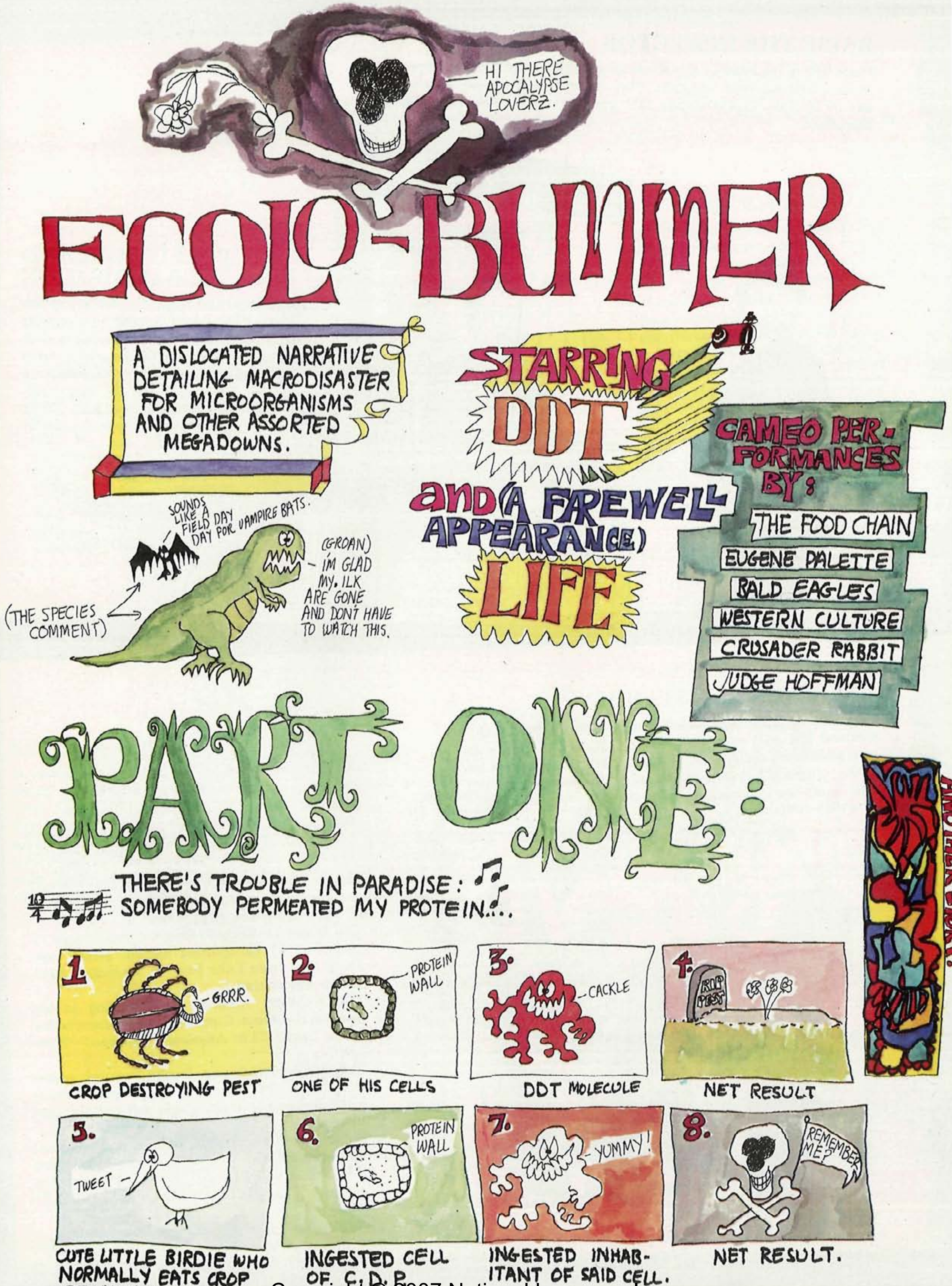


SOUVENIR AND GIFT SHOP

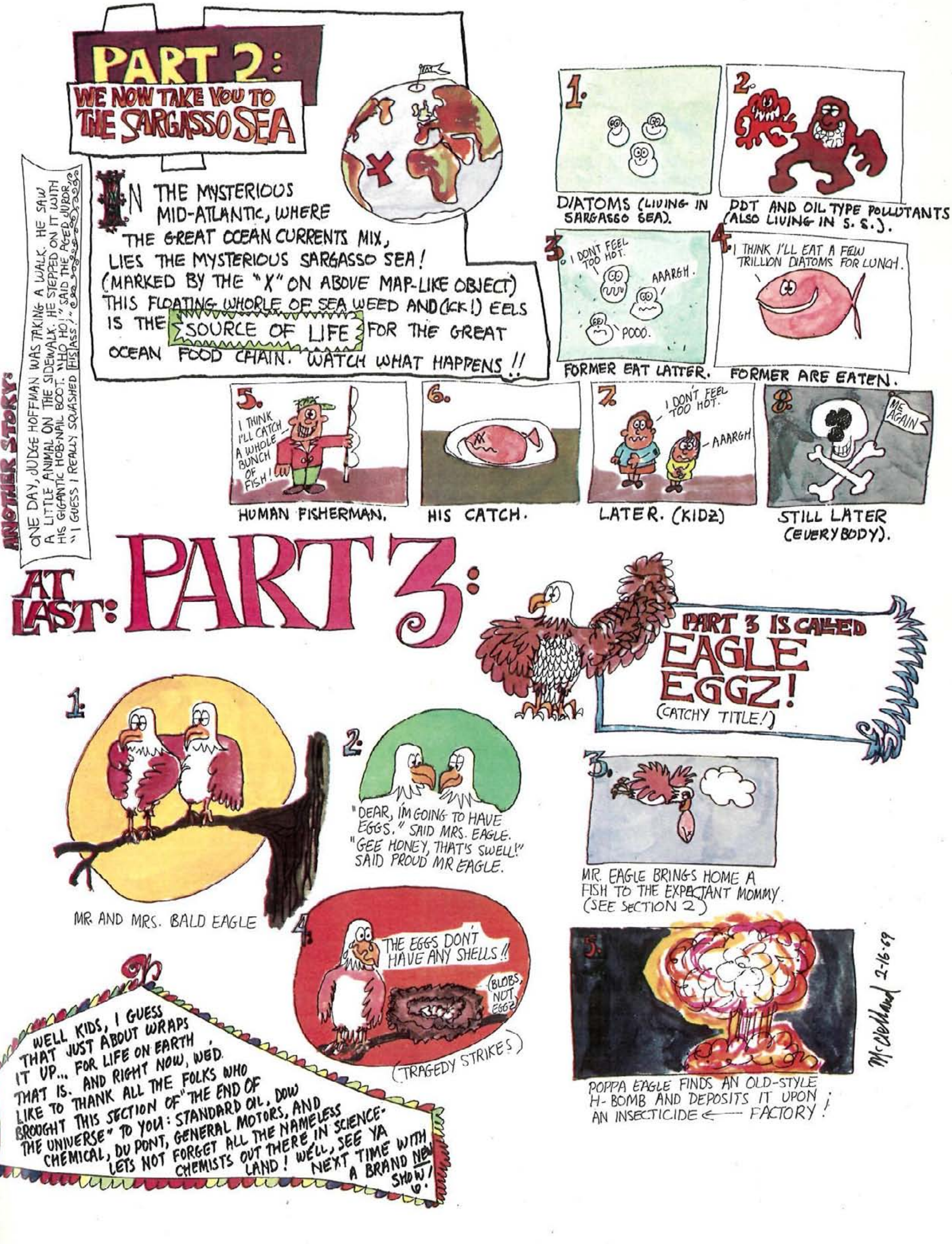
Select from among hundreds of items that will help make your visit to Pollutionland an unforgettable one. Here are a few suggestions:

- Din House LP Record: Original sound track includes all 57 ear-splitting sounds. Stereo only.
- Dead Fish from Lake Erie, in laminated, clear-plastic key chains.
- Foul-AirWick: Atomizer sprays smog in any room in the house. Comes in four different odors: "New York," "Los Angeles," "Chicago," "Newark."
- Pollutionland Coloring Book: Popular educational form for youngsters of all ages. Pictures all Pollutionland rides. Pages fall out for easy littering.
- Pollutionland sweatshirts, buttons and balloons, all imprinted with your choice from 150 slogans ("Be Proud To Be Loud," "Smog is the Heir Apparent," "Candy Is Dandy But Oil Is Slicker"). □

Copyright – Mort Gerberg



HI THERE APOCALYPSE LOVERZ.
ECOLO-BUMMER
A DISLOCATED NARRATIVE DETAILING MACRODISASTER FOR MICROORGANISMS AND OTHER ASSORTED MEGADOWNS.
STARRING
DDT
and (A FAREWELL APPEARANCE) LIFE
CAMEO PERFORMANCES BY:
THE FOOD CHAIN
EUGENE PALETTE
BALD EAGLES
WESTERN CULTURE
CRUSADER RABBIT
JUDGE HOFFMAN
SOUNDS LIKE A FIELD DAY DAY FOR VAMPIRE BATS.
(GROAN) - I'M GLAD MY ILK ARE GONE AND DON'T HAVE TO WATCH THIS.
(THE SPECIES COMMENT)
PART ONE:
THERE'S TROUBLE IN PARADISE: SOMEBODY PERMEATED MY PROTEIN...
ANOTHER STORY:
1.
GRRR.
CROP DESTROYING PEST
2.
PROTEIN WALL
ONE OF HIS CELLS
3.
CACKLE
DDT MOLECULE
4.
RIP PEST
NET RESULT
5.
TWEET
CUTE LITTLE BIRDIE WHO NORMALLY EATS CROP DESTROYING PEST
6.
PROTEIN WALL
INGESTED CELL OF C.D.P.
7.
YUMMY!
INGESTED INHABITANT OF SAID CELL.
8.
REMEMBER ME?
NET RESULT.



PART 2:
WE NOW TAKE YOU TO THE SARGASSO SEA
IN THE MYSTERIOUS MID-ATLANTIC, WHERE THE GREAT OCEAN CURRENTS MIX, LIES THE MYSTERIOUS SARGASSO SEA! (MARKED BY THE "X" ON ABOVE MAP-LIKE OBJECT) THIS FLOATING WHORLE OF SEA WEED AND (ICK!) EELS IS THE SOURCE OF LIFE FOR THE GREAT OCEAN FOOD CHAIN. WATCH WHAT HAPPENS!!
ANOTHER STORY:
ONE DAY, JUDGE HOFFMAN WAS TAKING A WALK. HE SAW A LITTLE ANIMAL ON THE SIDEWALK. HE STEPPED ON IT WITH HIS GIGANTIC HOB-NAIL BOOT. "HO HO!" SAID THE AGED JUROR. "I GUESS I REALLY SQUASHED HIS ASS!"
1.
DIATOMS (LIVING IN SARGASSO SEA).
2.
DDT AND OIL TYPE POLLUTANTS (ALSO LIVING IN S. S.).
3.
I DONT FEEL TOO HOT.
AAARGH.
POOO.
FORMER EAT LATTER.
4.
I THINK I'LL EAT A FEW TRILLION DIATOMS FOR LUNCH.
FORMER ARE EATEN.
5.
I THINK I'LL CATCH A WHOLE BUNCH OF FISH!
HUMAN FISHERMAN.
6.
HIS CATCH.
7.
I DON'T FEEL TOO HOT.
AAARGH
LATER. (KIDZ)
8.
ME AGAIN
STILL LATER (EVERYBODY).
AT LAST: PART 3:
PART 3 IS CALLED EAGLE EGGZ!
(CATCHY TITLE!)
1.
MR. AND MRS. BALD EAGLE
2.
"DEAR, I'M GOING TO HAVE EGGS." SAID MRS. EAGLE. "GEE HONEY, THAT'S SWELL!" SAID PROUD MR EAGLE.
3.
MR. EAGLE BRINGS HOME A FISH TO THE EXPECTANT MOMMY. (SEE SECTION 2)
4.
THE EGGS DON'T HAVE ANY SHELLS!!
(BLOBS, NOT EGGZ)
(TRAGEDY STRIKES)
5.
POPPA EAGLE FINDS AN OLD-STYLE H-BOMB AND DEPOSITS IT UPON AN INSECTICIDE ← FACTORY!
McClelland 2-16-69
WELL KIDS, I GUESS THAT JUST ABOUT WRAPS IT UP... FOR LIFE ON EARTH, THAT IS. AND RIGHT NOW, WE'D LIKE TO THANK ALL THE FOLKS WHO BROUGHT THIS SECTION OF "THE END OF THE UNIVERSE" TO YOU: STANDARD OIL, DOW CHEMICAL, DU PONT, GENERAL MOTORS, AND LETS NOT FORGET ALL THE NAMELESS CHEMISTS OUT THERE IN SCIENCE-LAND! WELL, SEE YA NEXT TIME WITH A BRAND NEW SHOW!

CLEAN ENERGY

by Michael Frith and Christopher Cerf

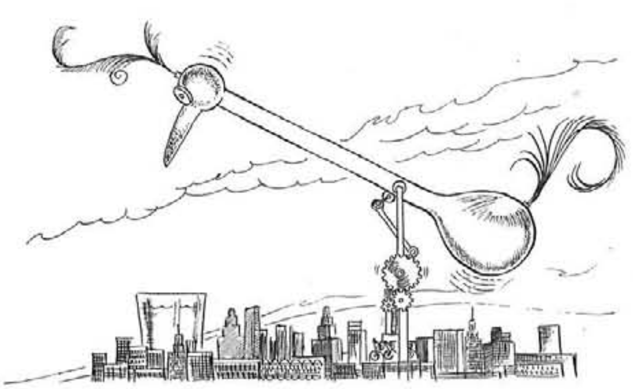
If We Could Only Harness the Power in Our Trees...

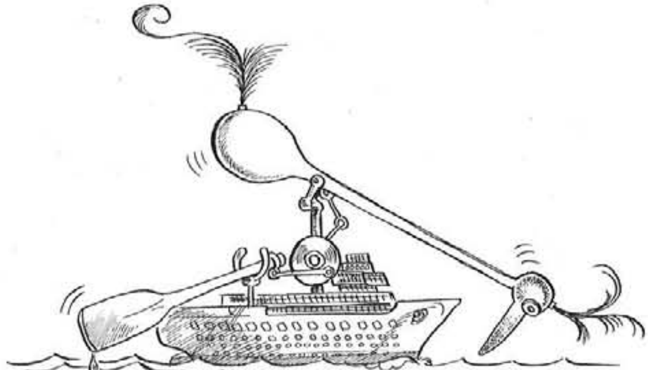
As man stands poised on the brink of what is to be perhaps his greatest battle in history — the battle for the very survival of the human race against the ravages of pollution — he is faced with a question of cosmic consequence: Having rid the earth of the machines that are fouling it, will he be forced to give up the way of life that the machine has afforded him? The answer to this question: *absolutely not.* Even though American technology as we know it may be dead, American know-how is *alive and kicking!*

Already, a technological revolution is under way that will enable man to harness forms of energy heretofore untapped . . . forms of energy that will usher us triumphantly into the Era of the Clean Machine.

CHEMICAL ENERGY

Although the children of the Aztec Indians of South America had pull-toys that rolled around on wheels, the Aztecs never thought to apply this simple principle to their own technology – although it was right under their noses, they never "discovered" the wheel! And, of course, they were rapidly overrun by the Spaniards. Could it be that right under our own noses is another tool of equally earthshaking potential?

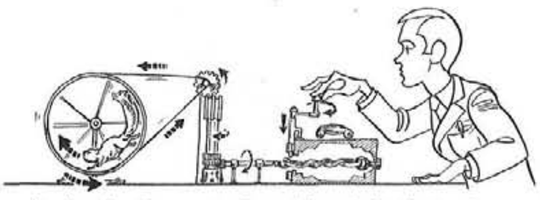




By 1973, this machine (above left) will be in operation in Cleveland, Ohio. Working on the age-old principle of ether and water, it will provide all the power needed for the entire city. A smaller version of the same machine is being designed for use on ocean liners (above right), thus completely eliminating ugly smoke and messy fuel spills.

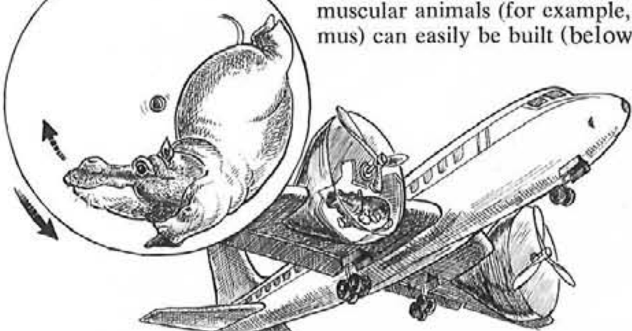
ANIMAL ENERGY

With the reduction of pollution of our air, land and water there will come a proportional increase in the world's animal population. That is Nature's Law. And, as usual in the Great Design, there is a *very* good reason for it. *These extra* (and, need we note, sturdier) *animals will be available to Man as another means of creating Clean Energy.*



A simple demonstration (above) is that of the squirrel in the cage. As the squirrel runs clockwise, the cage spins counterclockwise turning a belt and some cogs that, in turn, wind up a large rubber band in a box. When the band is tightly twisted, the waiting attendant drops a bolt which holds it securely in place. The box now serves as a handy storage battery, the power in the rubber band ready for use whenever it is needed.

Unfortunately, the squirrel is a relatively weak animal and, even with a very good gear ratio, would probably be unable to spin the propellers on a large passenger-carrying aeroplane. In cases like this, power plants large enough to accommodate bigger and more muscular animals (for example, a hippopotamus) can easily be built (below).



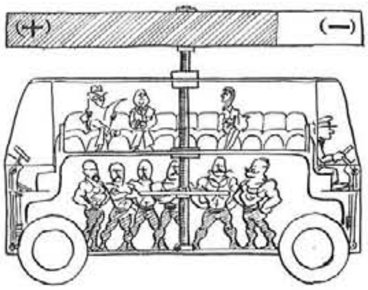


It is well known that Americans love their cars and also that automobiles are major contributors to the gunk that fills our air. Does this mean that Americans of the future must give up their beloved totems? But, no! Already, auto manufacturers are working up modifications that adapt their machines to the use of "animal energy" (see above).

NATURAL ENERGY

Perhaps the greatest breakthroughs are coming with the harnessing of the mysterious forces of Mother Earth. It is almost as though, as we turn to her with newfound love and respect, she is in return giving of herself for us, her children.

1. THE MAGNETIC CAR

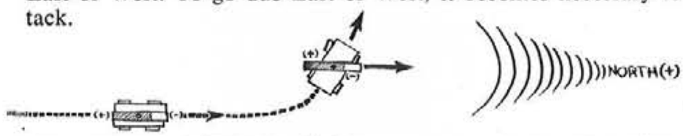


Since Time Immemorial, the awesome properties of the Magnetic North Pole have served man by showing him his way over the vast reaches of the earth's face. Now, they will also be used to whisk him across its surface. Mounted on the roof of the vehicle above is an incredibly powerful magnet. At each end is a driver's seat, and in between are (a) a passenger compartment and (b) space for SEVERAL VERY STRONG MEN. The driver releases the brake, and immediately the magnet, inexorably attracted to the mighty force of the Magnetic North Pole, begins to drag the car in a northerly direction. Thus far, the only drawback noted in test models of this machine is its tendency to attract metal objects (e.g., lamp posts and belt buckles) along the way.

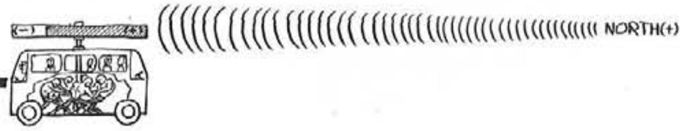
TRAVELING NORTH is child's play in the Magnetic Car. The powerful magnet automatically draws it toward the Magnetic Pole.

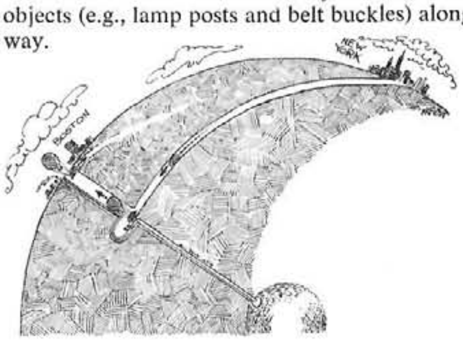


TRAVELING IN AN EASTERLY OR WESTERLY DIRECTION is quite simple: By turning the wheels, the driver creates a vector between the angle of the wheels and the angle of the magnet (which automatically points North — see below for "Traveling South"), thus enabling him to travel in any direction except *due* East or West. To go due East or West, it becomes necessary to tack.



TRAVELING SOUTH is slightly more complicated. The driver now sits in the other end of his vehicle. The SEVERAL VERY STRONG MEN then grasp the wheel attached to the magnet and turn it 180 degrees. The polarity is thus reversed and the magnet, instead of being attracted to the Magnetic Pole, is now *repelled* by it. Away races the vehicle to the South, with the VERY STRONG MEN endeavoring at all times to keep the magnet pointing away from the Magnetic Pole.





2. THE GRAVITY CAR

Perhaps the strangest thing about this vehicle is that it was never put into use before! For long-range travel (say between New York and Boston), it is necessary only to dig a tunnel between the two cities, *making sure that the tunnel gets progressively deeper as it goes.* Thus it becomes obvious that the trip is now *downhill all the way,* and that *any wheeled vehicle* (or, for that matter, a child on roller skates) could simply *roll the whole way,* drawn by the FORCE OF GRAVITY.

But, you well may ask, what happens at the other end? How, if you should end up, say, 50 miles under Boston, do you get up to Boston itself? Here, another of Earth's Great Natural Resources is tapped. By merely digging another tunnel down to a point somewhere near the Earth's molten core and running in some pipes, one immediately has at one's disposal a never-ending supply of hot air. This can then be used to fill hot air balloons which will quickly lift both car and passengers to the surface. The car is now ready to begin the return run, via another tunnel, to New York. The balloon, meanwhile, is simply deflated and dropped back down to await the arrival of the next car.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FRITH

Say Cheeez!



This month, as a means of promoting visual and compositional excellence in the field of photography, the *National Lampoon* proudly offers a SPECIAL GRAND PRIZE to the amateur photographer who submits, in the opinion of a board of highly trained and completely untrustworthy judges, the *cutest baby picture*.

Cuteness will be judged in three specific areas: 1) *expression*, 2) *posture* and 3) *apparent lack of humanoid intelligence* (dulled eyes, slack jaws, enlarged head, drool at lips, general absence of personal hygiene, etc.).

Announcement of the SPECIAL GRAND PRIZE-WINNER will be made in a future issue. The exact nature of the SPECIAL GRAND PRIZE cannot be revealed at this time, but we'll give you a little teaser: What is owned and run by a small number of astoundingly snotty adolescents and literary faggots, is published monthly, and costs the same as a so-so bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich? I can feel you homing in, Roger.

Submit your entry with a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You may submit more than one photo, but not to us, Jocko. Send all entries and other effluvia to:

Miss Mary Marshmallow
Duck and Photo Editor
The National Lampoon
635 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

All entries must be postmarked no later than June 30, 1970.

!!! COMING NEXT MONTH !!!



Step right up, friends and neighbors, and brace yourself for a tummy-turning tour of darkest Vulgaria. Just say the magic words "Keefe Brasselle" and the *National Lampoon* will transport you to a thrill-a-minute adventure amid the Corfam tundras and formica wastes of American Mediocrity.

Look forward to:

The Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor Mail Order Gift Catalog/Is all that loose jing-wah in your vest giving you curvature of the spine? Then, perhaps you'd like a genuine 764-karat gold and jade Jonny Mop, hand-embossed with *your choice* of selected quotations from Kahlil Gibran or The Lord's Prayer or the Gettysburg Address.

The Great American Menu/ . . . and with your lintburger de luxe you get a generous, heaping mound of fluffy, Idaho-grown slag. Sure is good eatin', mom 'n' dad. So, get 'em while they're motionless.

Naked Came the Univac/Who says copulation has to be dull, dull, dull? Spice up your pallid sex life with our own computer dating service and let Big Brother and his Transistor Sister match you up with any number of likely mammals.

Li'l Alcapp Comix/Quiz time: What has a big mouth, a whole peck of paranoid fantasies, elevator shoes and eight flunkeys to draw his lousy strip? Right on, Daisy Mae.

Etiquette for the 70's/David and George are living together in a small apartment in Chicago. Suddenly one day, George's father, who doesn't know about the arrangement, calls up and says he's coming over for a visit. Is it necessary for George and David to scrounge up some copies of *Playboy* and walk around saying, "Sure," and, "Boy, am I horny, Pop," or should . . . ?

Yankee, Go Shove It/George and Ethel are ready for their world tour. Got everything? Toilet paper? Traveler's checks? Polaroid Swinger? Bullet-proof vest?

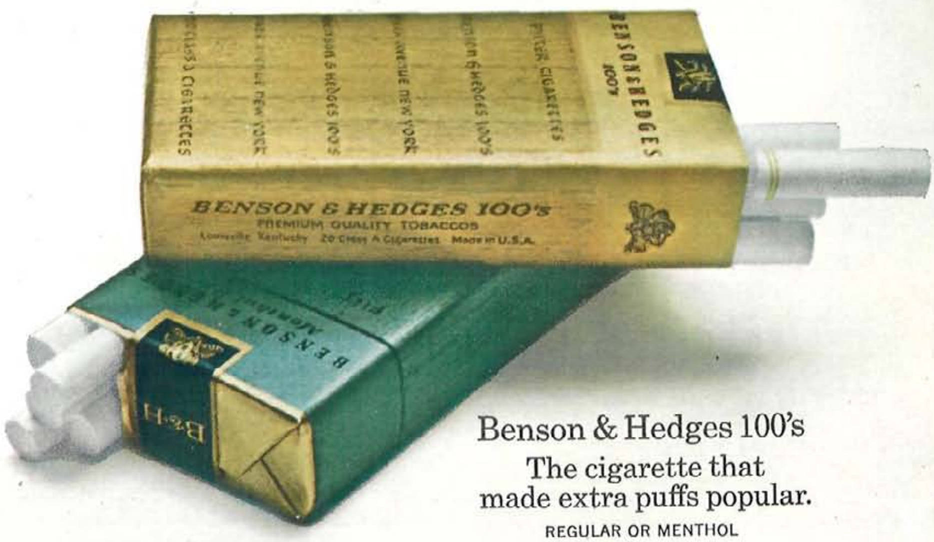
The Most Tasteless Story Ever Told/*We are not kidding, either.*

Plus: A Child's Garden of Vulgarity, Gratuitious Dirty Pictures, Innumerable Typographical Errors, Bear-Baiting, Promised Articles That Never Appear and the Graded Results of Trish Nixon's Schick Test.

This issue includes 16a, b and 60a, b.



Benson & Hedges 100's must taste pretty good. Look what people put up with to smoke them.



Benson & Hedges 100's

The cigarette that made extra puffs popular.

REGULAR OR MENTHOL


Colt 45
MALT LIQUOR
BY NATIONAL
Bottom's up.
© The National Brewing Co. of Balto., Md. at Balto., Md. Also Phoenix • Miami • Detroit